UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843. | WHOLE NO. 1165.

Original Poetry.

THE WAR-SPIRIT'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Twine, twine, twine,
O'er the sleeper's brow,
Leaflets that shine
In the radiant glow
Of the moon's first gush,
While her silvery flood
Is poured through the hush
Of the deep pinewood.

Twine, twine, twine
'Neath the vesper star,
To the last most shine
Ere the flush of war.
We will bind the brows
Of the slumbering brave,
Ere their lids must close
In the lonely grave.

Twine, twine, twine
O'er the lover's lid,
Ere next eve's decline
To be darkly hid—
Let him catch one ray
From his lady's bower,
Ere his soul pass away
In the battle's hour.

Twine, twine, twine
O'er the warrior-bard,
Such leaves as thine
In his rich reward;
Let his soul be poured,
In its last bright gush,
Ere he grasp the sword
Where the life-streams rush.

There twine the wreath,
And weave the song,
Whose tones are of death
As they glide along
Minstrel, Knight, lover
And patriot—all,
Ere next sunset we cover
With our desolated pall.

Sumterville, S. C.

Original Tales.

LOVE AND REVENGE.
Or, The Phantom Page.

BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

It was a terrible day for Mortagne. A thousand knightly lances bristled round her walls, flashing in the sunbeams like tiny lightnings on the sight of her defenders, as their owners rode furiously to and fro among the cloudy columns of infantry that deployed upon the sunny plains bordering on the Scheld. In a few moments, the three gates of the town cracked and groaned before the impetuous onslaught of steel-clad foemen, for the furious and exasperated Earl of Hainault was there, with Sir John, his uncle, whose single lance was counted legion when death descended to his harvest on the battle field. In their train followed many of the bravest knights of England and Germany, some of whom were their own proper retainers, but more were volunteers from the army of Edward III., before whose advances the towers of Tournay were rapidly crumbling.

The assault of Mortagne was carried on with desperate bravery, at every assailable point; but desperation was met by desperation, and the martial prowess of the invaders for once was fully matched. The weakest spot was to the gate that opened toward Maude, and there the battle raged most hotly. Its situation was on the very brink of the river, where the governor of the place, the Lord of Beaujeu, stationed himself, with the flower of his followers. He was armed with a strong lance, having a sharp hook of steel near the head, by means of which more than half a score of his enemies were hurled headlong into the crimson tide below. At length the assailants began to tire of a fray so hopeless, when a reinforcement arrived for them, headed by a stalwart knight who dashed fearlessly forward, shouting the war-cry of Merry England. An instant, and the shivering armor rung a thrill of fear to many a matron's heart, as she looked around on her defenceless children, for the motto of the contending armies was "no quarter," and in most cases they acted up to their motto to the very letter. For a long time victory hung in an even balance, but the strength of the defenders was gradually failing them, on account of the incessant exertion which they were obliged to put forth, while their foes came fresh to the conflict, which was now carried on hand to hand. Beaujeu still maintained his post at the mutilated gate, like the guardian genius of the place, but his ranks were fast thinning, and he was nearly surrounded. At one time he was alone engaged with two powerful opponents, one of whom was the leader before referred to, and his case seemed desperate. They struck together, so that it was almost impossible to defend himself. His sword was broken—they were so near that his lance would not avail him, and with despair he saw both their swords gleaming over him at once. But fortunately both strokes were dexterously parried by a brave page, who rushed to the side of the governor at this critical moment and presented him a sword. Again the iron arm of Beaujeu fell, and one of his enemies, rolling to the river's verge, sunk in the sullen waters, when turning to the other, he saw his broad falcion poised over the head of the disarmed page, whose light helmet would have been served as a cap of parchment by its descending weight. Beaujeu received the blow of the English leader (for such he was) upon his shield, and now commenced the combat that decided the fate of the day, for each party poured to the rescue of its respective commander. The Englishman appeared to be rather an overmatch for the exhausted governor, until his foot tripping, a blow from the latter stunned him, and he fell, when the page sprung forward and begged his life, which was granted, and the assailants seeing their leader a prisoner were so disheartened that they immediately desisted from the attack.

That night the young lord John de Beaumont supped sparingly as a prisoner, in the palace where he had hoped to revel uncontrolled as a conqueror. His company was composed of the lord of Beaujeu and his daughter, the lady Louise, and the conversation ran upon the events of the day.

"But for the interference of the mysterious page, sir knight," remarked the governor of Mortagne, "this town would have been yours at this moment as assuredly as it is mine in reality."

"Then you do not know this page! Has he concealed himself!" asked lord John.

"He has either concealed himself or left the town, and the latter is hardly possible; but if he is yet with us it is also very strange, for I have instituted strict search for him in every quarter, among living and dead, at the same time offering a large reward for his discovery, but all in vain.

"I am sorry; for I should like to see him. But if you had been a pace more distant at one time to-day, we should have little difficulty in finding him—if indeed he had not been completely annihilated by the blow you prevented," was the scornfully smiling response.

"But you seem to forget that in the case you supposed, you would not now be here to speak of him—for he it was that afterward saved your life," said Beaujeu.

"Not at all do I forget! for I assure you that till this moment was I not aware of what induced you to spare me. But your information makes me yet more anxious to see him—he must be as generous as he is brave."

"For my own part I have heard of no extraordinary feat of bravery performed by this wonderful page of yours," said the lady Louise, contemptuously. "It appears that some one seeing a friendly knight disarmed, picked up a sword among the slain and gave it to him—but what less could he have done than this?"

"He could certainly have kept in a safer position," replied the English lord with a smile.

"And Louise," added the governor, seriously, "it does not well become you to speak thus lightly of a person who has saved the life of your father, our town from pillage, and yourself from something worse, perhaps than captivity. I have already told you under what circumstances his heroic act was done, and I am astonished that you should think it so small a matter."

"Your pardon, my father," she gaily answered, "but you forget a principal obligation we are under to him—he has given us a very pleasant guest."

Beaumont blushingly replied to this somewhat equivocal compliment, and soon after the lady Louise wishing them a good evening, retired for the night. As the captive lord gazed after her with a feeling of something more profound than admiration, he thought he had never seen so much real beauty combined with a bearing so proudly imperial and majestic.

The two lords sat for half an hour conversing on military affairs, and the prospect with regard to the war thus being waged for the crown of France, and they were about separating to their respective apartments, when the door of the room in which they were sitting slowly and noiselessly opened, and the page who had been the cause of so much wonder stood before them. He was now differently dressed from what he had been when seen in the daytime, but the size of his person and the glittering black of his armor were sufficient to convince them of his identity. Every visible portion of his dress was of a snowy whiteness, even to the turban that partly covered his casque, and above which waved a heavy plume of black ostrich feathers, giving to the wearer altogether a frightfully singular appearance. The same pale visor that he had worn in battle covered his face—and there he stood, directly in the doorway, speechless and motionless, save as the dark plume was tossed in the night breeze. Surprised at the suddenness of the apparition, the knights arose, and looked silently, first at their strange visitor, and then at one another, till at length the Lord of Beaujeu recovered sufficiently to say,

"Advance, sir page, I would gladly speak with you."

But still the page moved not farther than solemnly to raise his hand and point to the opposite side of the room. Instinctively they looked in the designated direction, when they were startled by a tremendous crash that seemed to shake the palace to its very foundation, and when their eyes reverted to their former object, he was gone and the door was closed. Neither of them was a man fearing death, as their conduct that day could testify, but now they were lost in astonishment and vague fear. Beaujeu, who was older and less superstitious than his companion, soon gathered courage to give the alarm, and in a few moments the room was full of servants and men-at-arms, one of whom, as he entered, picked up a small fold of parchment from the floor and presented it to his master, who sternly demanded if any one had seen a strange page enter or depart from the palace that evening. The warder at the gate was called and questioned with the same result, when they were all reprimanded for their carelessness and ordered to retire, which they did, asserting that it was impossible for human being to have entered. When they had departed, the governor turned to Lord John, and said half jestingly,

"Resolve me, sir knight, whether that apparition was human or no."

"Indeed, my lord, it were hard to say," was the serious response. "One thing, however, I can assure you that this page wields a real sword, and so expertly did he use it to-day, that it was only by main force that I disarmed him. But the parchment, sir earl, perhaps that will explain."

Thus reminded, Beaujeu held the parchment to the light, and read aloud as follows:

"To the Lord Governor of Mortagne—
The town will be attacked again to-morrow. Act altogether on the defensive. I shall be near you in case of extreme peril, but you must cease to make search for me, as it will ever be vain. Adieu—you will see me often.
THE PHANTOM PAGE."

"Surely, surely," said the earl, placing his his hand upon his brow when he had finished, "surely that voice sounded familiarly to-day, but I was so excited by the scene around me, that I failed to recognize it. But if he says rightly, that we shall meet often, it will go hard with me, but I shall discover him yet. However, he certainly means me well," he added, musingly, and then turning to Beaumont, he asked, "but what think you of this promised attack?"

"Being but a volunteer in Hainault's army, I can, of course, know little more of his counsels than can yourself," replied the other, "and therefore, it would be very difficult to say, with certainty, even were I disposed to give my opinion."

"After all," continued the earl, apparently not noticing his answer, "after all, this prophecy may be nothing more than a conclusion confidently ventured upon, and I had already arrived at the same, myself. Well, well, Sir Phantom Page, God grant that you may render me as effectual service to-morrow as you have done to-day!"

The lords now parted for the night. Never, except in the field, had the Lord de Beaumont been so critically situated as at present. The assault, he felt assured, would be renewed on the morrow with redoubled violence, and if the assailants should appear likely to succeed, he had not a doubt that, as he was an unconditional prisoner, he would be murdered by his captors to prevent his being retaken. And yet he scarcely lamented more for what he had lost than for what he had failed to gain. He had before heard much of the beauty of the Lady Louise, and he set out from Tournay with the Earl of Hainault joyfully, for he doubted not that himself and his English Knights would be able to plant the Cross of St. George on the Palace of Mortagne—and then the reward that he promised himself was its famed and beautiful mistress, for Beaumont, though a redoubtable knight, was a reckless libertine, and to spirits such as his, the almost unlimited license of this devastating and merciless war, was the element in which they gloried. But for once, the spoiler had been disappointed of his prey, and his restless mind writhed under the infliction like a wounded serpent; yet it was not in his nature to despair, and he waited the issue with at least an appearance of cheerfulness.

On the following day, as had been anticipated, the attack was recommenced, and the besiegers having constructed an engine, now hurled massive missiles into the town, which quaked before the onset, begun on all sides simultaneously. From the windows of their respective apartments, the Lord John and the Lady Louise watched the progress of the fight, with very different feelings. The defence appeared to wax fainter and fainter, and finally Beaumont beheld a party of French soldiers rapidly approaching the palace, and the idea struck him that their errand was to despatch him. He was totally unarmed, but he thought that if he could by any means conceal himself from them for a few minutes he would be safe, as the probability was that the town would soon be in the possession of his friends. As the guard at the palace gate had been deemed sufficient to prevent his escape, he had not been further confined, and now leaving his room, he retired precipitately to a distant part of the building, and opening a door that led from the main passage, he entered a chamber splendidly furnished as if for the accommodation of a lady of rank. Here it seemed that he would very unlikely to be sought, and he again ventured to look out upon the combatants, such at least as were visible from his position through the clouds of dust that rose from the tramp of cavalry in the parched streets. He now saw that the soldiers he had feared had already passed the palace far on their way toward the gate where he himself had been captured, and a moment after a troop of knights golloped by in the same direction, headed by the Phantom Page! As the latter swept beneath the window at which Beaumont stood, he turned his gaze up in that direction, and ere the knight could draw back he was seen. Of this, however, he was not aware, and he proceeded to lock and bar the entrance to the chamber, when returning to the window he took a miniature from his pocket, and twirling it carelessly in his fingers, continued to watch the movements of the besieged, with the greatest anxiety, till all at once there pealed a loud shout as if from a thousand voices, and at the same moment he thought he heard the clash of armor in the very room where he was standing. Turning suddenly around, the blood forsook his face, the miniature dropped from his nerveless grasp, and he leaned tremblingly against the wall—for there, full before him, stood the Phantom Page, grasping his drawn sword in one hand, and pointing with the other to the door. Beaumont, as already shown, was no coward when dealing with what he could deem human beings; but never was he more thoroughly rejoiced than when he found himself beyond the spectre's withering gaze, for spectre he felt sure it was, since he had seen it not fifteen minutes before, dashing along the street and away to the scene of strife; and then to find it in the same apartment with himself, and that apartment closed and the door still strongly bolted, as was proved by the effort it had cost him to open it while on his retreat—this was something more than astonishing.

But the din of battle now died away, and the lord of Beaujeu soon after returned to the palace accompanied by several of his chief officers where meeting his prisoners he exclaimed with a smile,

"Well, my lord, unfortunately for you these friends of yours are effectually worsted on all hands, and I venture to surmise that they will not molest us farther."

"I should be but a sorry knight were I ungrateful for your hospitality," returned Beaumont, ironically, "but really unless you can teach these spirit pages of yours a little more courtesy to your guests, I shall be induced to hazard the hope that my friends may be more successful at no very distant day. Here I have been threatened with quartering by that same stout page who introduced himself so oddly last evening, but finding me unarmed he spared me, in the plentitude of his mercy."

The company looked at each other in surprise, and at length the governor, turning to Beaumont, demanded,

"Are you serious, my lord, and has the phantom page actually been in the palace?"

"It is even as I tell you," was the reply.

"Well!" exclaimed Beaujeu, "those who know me know that I am not at all superstitiously given, but there is a mysteriousness about this strange being that awes and startles me. Again to-day he has saved the town from impending destruction, for when we were in the most hopeless condition imaginable, he, as if by a miracle, brought a strong reinforcement from a part where the danger was less imminent—at least I suppose it was him from the description, for I did not see him. Were none of you familiar with his voice?" he continued, addressing those who had seen the wonderful page.

The result of this enquiry was that one asserted him to be a small boy with a voice like that of a woman, and another that he was no page except in dress, but that he was a strong man with a voice terribly harsh; and each affirmed to having seen him at the same time, though in different parts of the town—so various and conflicting were the reports.

That evening all the principal knights and ladies in Mortagne supped at the governor's palace, and the Lady Louise did the honors of the table as mistress, with all that lofty courtliness for which she was justly celebrated. As may be supposed the principal topics of remark were the attack and defence of the town, the feats of arms performed by particular knights, and in their conversation the captive lord of Beaumont joined with the greatest hilarity. At length the phantom page came again to be spoken of, and great and fervent was the desire that the ladies expressed to see him, if he were a human being, of which, however, there existed some doubts; but these the happy governor turned into ridicule, declaring that he believed him to be some young citizen, whose wish for distinction made him adopt his singular character, and that should he then and there make his appearance, he should instantly be knighted at a venture. All the various conceptions that had been formed of the mysterious page were again related, much to the amusement of the Lady Louise, who appeared to be in her most joyous mood.

"You have all had the pleasure of relating your adventures with the wonderful page, and it is my turn next," said she, smiling. "To-day about four o'clock he entered my room covered with dust, like an ordinary mortal, as he undoubtedly is, and kneeling at my feet presented me with a beautiful miniature of a revered friend. We conversed for some time together, when he departed, saying that he intended to leave the town immediately."

The company were all marvel,—innumerable were the questions that were showered upon the narrator, as to how he looked and what he said, and whether she was not terribly frightened at his entering the apartment where she was alone; and pressing were the requests to see the miniature. To all these demands the Lady Louise replied calmly in the mass—

"Excuse me, my friends, the picture is not to be seen at present. With regard to the young man's looks they were proper enough, and he said a variety of things upon commonplace subjects, while I, on my part, thanked him for the valuable assistance he had afforded our beleaguered town, and for having saved the lives of my father and his noble guests; and as for being frightened, I assure you that I was never farther from it in my life. His behavior was deferential in the extreme, and such as would have become any well-bred person, with the single exception that he came into my chamber without any announcement."

"You think him human then?" enquired the English lord.

"Certainly I do," was the reply.

"Well," rejoined Beaumont, "I am sorry to disagree with so fair an authority, but I must say that my experience has led me to a different conclusion. I was to-day, about four o'clock, as you have said, in my room, the door of which was closed and bolted, so as scarcely to admit a fly, when once upon turning around I beheld the brave page standing within two paces of me with a drawn sword, and sooth to say, without stirring or uttering a word he drove me affrighted from the apartment, though mayhap there are those in this knightly company who will bear me witness that I am not more timid than most other men."

The story of Lord John, was truly and candidly told, except so much of it as related to the room where the incident occurred, in regard to which he prevaricated, because he did not wish the liberty he had taken to become known, and it called forth expressions of astonishment from all present. At length the guests dispersed to their several homes, and the Lady Louise was about retiring when her father requested her to stay a few minutes—and she was shortly alone with him. He was walking slowly to and fro, and she reclined with careless grace upon a sofa, patiently awaiting his pleasure, for she saw by the working of his cloudy brow that a storm was gathering—and well she guessed in what quarter it would burst; but what cared the Lady Louise, the rich, the beautiful, the proud; the reckless and the gay—the brave Louise! What cared she for the anger of her only parent, who she knew loved her as his life? She resolved to meet his every proposal that warred with her inclination as she had ever done—unyieldingly.

The Lord of Beaujeu stopped before his daughter, and after regarding her with a glance of keen scrutiny, which, as far as concerned any effect it had upon her, might as well have been expended in an attempt to intimidate Mont Blanc; he sternly said,

"Louise! you can solve me this mystery."

"What mystery, my father!" asked the Lady Louise, with an air of innocent *nonchalance*.

Beaujeu waved his hand impatiently, exclaiming "What mystery! Why what should you be led to suspect, if not that relating to this phantom page, as he writes himself! If you say truly, he has given you a miniature—and this miniature is that of—"

"William de Courterelles, of course—whose else would I accept, unless, indeed, it were that of some female friend?" she replied.

"Yes, it is even as I suspected. This sly fellow is some minion of Courterelles—some spy whom he has employed to keep up his prohibited correspondence with you, and—"

"And you are going to say that were this *sly fellow*—this spy—no other than the hated Sir William himself, you would still Knight him, for having saved the fair town of Mortagne from sacking, and its inhabitants from butchery; but give me leave to say that he can never deign to receive so great a favor from one whom he despises—for, though only a knight, he already bears the strongest lance and the proudest plume in the ranks of Norman chivalry."

"Furies!" cried the enraged Governor, who had listened aghast to this cooly impudent harangue—"a thousand furies! As I live, if you sneaking coward of Courterelles were but now in Mortagne, it should cost me my earldom but that he hung higher than ever did Haman, ere he were two hours older!"

"It might cost you something dearer than your earldom, my father; for well I ween that it would require a stronger than the arm of a page to shield you from *his* vengeance, only that you are my father."

"Enough of this!" said Beaujeu, with a forced calmness more terrible than the most violent anger. "Enough of this! I have commanded you to discard Sir William de Courterelles, and to receive the Earl Roussy as your affianced husband—the latter I shall not compel you to do—the former, I *shall*. I now wish to know, in short, whether you intend to obey me."

"In this, *never!* You have already more than once heard my determination—and were it possible for me to yield, would I be *your* daughter! I despise the Lord of Roussy, and I love the knight of Courterelles; and so I shall continue to do, till the Earl ceases to be a knave, or the knight to be a nobleman."

"It is well! I have flattered—nay, worshipped you, too long, for your dear mother's sake, until you have, in effect, declared yourself independent of my authority, and even spurned my advice, as though it were given by a menial. I shall now put you in close and solitary confinement; yes, without so much as one attendant—and there you shall remain till that proud spirit is humbled, though I die of old age ere it be accomplished. My word is passed! Will you come peaceably with me to your cell, or shall I call the servants to carry you?"

The Lady Louise was to all appearance as perfectly self-possessed at this moment, as she had been an hour previous when she dispensed her smiles or frowns, as best suited her fancy, upon a score of knightly admirers; and rising from her recumbent posture for the first time during the foregoing conversation, she replied to her father in a tone gallingly sarcastic—

"Oh! I will go peaceably, my lord, by all means; I will never refuse cheerful obedience in any thing reasonable."

The Earl had expected resistance; but when he saw how his stern sentence was received, his astonishment was total; and when he turned his gaze upon his daughter, and beheld her dauntless soul, so like his own, speaking in every feature, he felt as if he had never loved her till then. A single mild word from Louise and he would have relented, but instead of this she gave him taunts, such as,

"Come, my lord, why linger? It is growing late, and I am inclined to sleep!"

Beaujeu was himself again. He, however, concluded that she should be confined in her own room, and thither he led the way. As he opened to door, she said,

"Is this the *cell*, my lord?"

He made no reply,—but proceeding to her chest of drawers commenced a search, in which he seemed disappointed, when he turned to her and demanded—

"This miniature—where is it?"

"Here!" she proudly replied, placing her hand upon her bosom.

"I must have it," he said, advancing toward her.

"You must take my heart with it then," was the undaunted retort.

The haughty Earl locked and bolted the door upon his recreant daughter, and retired, at heart acknowledging himself vanquished. To say the least, he was as much to blame as she in this quarrel. The Earl Roussy was a superannuated debauchee, and the Lady Louise, as well as her father, knew it; but he had one strong recommendation with the latter—he was rich and powerful. True, as Beaujeu stated, he did not use compulsion with regard to Roussy, but he did that which to the unbending daughter was far more irritating. He introduced the gray haired lover into his halls, and openly proclaimed him the accepted and intended husband. As for Courterelles, he will develop himself as we proceed.

A week passed on, and the Lady Louise was still a prisoner, as was also the Lord de Beaumont. One evening the Earl of Beaujeu was sitting alone, and musing upon the strong improbability that existed of his ever being able to reduce his daughter to submission, when exclaiming to himself—"What a shame that the house of Beaujeu should become extinct or be disgraced—and all through the perverseness of a spoiled girl;" he arose and began pacing his room with an air of despondency very uncommon to him. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a human form, leaning leisurely against the wall near the door, and apparently watching all his movements with intense curiosity. A single glance at the white dress and the black armor and plume, was sufficient to assure him that his unannounced visiter was no other than the phantom page. The Earl was unarmed—but he instantly resolved to discover the true character of the intruder, at all hazards, —for that he was a spy from Courterelles, whom he looked upon as his mortal enemy, and very naturally too, he strongly suspected. He therefore walked boldly towards the door with the view of closing it, so as to cut off the retreat of the stranger, when the light sword of the latter leaped from its scabbord, as he sprung quickly forward, saying in a voice midway between a hiss and a groan.

"Beware, sir earl! beware! I have saved—I can also destroy!"

"Beaujeu stopped as short as if he had come in contact with a wall of iron, while a thrill of unaccountable terror found its way to his generally fearless heart. Upon this the page drew from beneath his breast-plate a scrip of parchment, which he cast carelessly upon the floor, and then with a slow and haughty step, retired, shutting the door violently behind him. The earl hesitated a moment, picked up the parchment, and then hastily proceeded to open the door, in order, if possible, to discover in what direction the page had retreated, but he was no where to be seen. The warders and an army of servants were now called, who unanimously protested that it was impossible for any person to have entered the palace without their cognizance, and further that no stranger had been admitted within its gates for the past week, at shortest. He next ordered every apartment of the palace to be searched with the utmost diligence, and then walking to a light, examined the parchment. It was a note, running thus:

"To the lord governor of Mortagne—
Sir William de Caurterelles is your friend, though you have treated him unworthily. He loves you—he loves your daughter more. But he foregoes all pretensions to her hand, since you have desired it. The lady Louise is in danger, from a quarter that you little suspect. She can only be saved by an instant release from the confinement to which you have unjustly subjected her. She has heard that Sir William is about to be married, and in the present state of her feelings, she requires, instead of the harshness she experiences, indulgent kindness from you—if you deny her this you will ere long be worse than childless. You know your daughter's temper—beware of driving her to desperation.
THE PHANTOM PAGE."

The penetrating earl saw, or thought he saw, in all this, a deep-laid scheme to effect the abduction of his daughter, at the bottom of which, he doubted not, was Courterelles himself. That the latter when on the point of marriage to another, should be at the pains to send his miniature to the lady Louise, was to say, the least altogether improbable, and he determined to guard her only so much the more strictly. In his anger at this attempt to thwart his views, he entirely forgot the invaluable services that the page had recently rendered him, and resolved to inflict some severe punishment upon him when ever he should have him in his power, which he hoped would be soon, for the search was being prosecuted so strictly, that if in the palace, it was now scarcely possible for him to escape; unless, indeed, he were possessed of supernatural attributes, as Beaujeu was sometimes tempted to believe. Still that the page was a corporeal being, and his sword no shadow, had been amply proved more than once—his step, though light, was distinctly to be heard as he walked—yet the search proved utterly fruitless.

The next morning but one the distracted earl was informed that the apartment in which the lady Louise had been imprisoned, was found uninhabited, though the door was still closed and bolted, and so great was the astonishment and fear caused by this incident (which was very naturally supposed to be connected with the movements of the phantom Page,) that the servants scarcely dared, in the search that immediately ensued, to go singly from one room to another, even in broad daylight, as it was; and Beaujeu himself became visibly alarmed; but when it was reported to him that his prisoner, the English lord de Beaumont, was also missing, his rage and perplexity were indiscribable. It seemed to him utterly impossible that the fugitives could have left the palace by any natural means; but shortly after a note which had been picked up in the lady's deserted chamber, was handed him; it read thus:

"To the lord governor of Mortagne:—
Ere you shall have received this, the event which it is intended to announce, will be so far progressed as to admit of no remedy. You have forgotten my services and despised my counsel, and this is your reward. Your daughter has fled with the lord de Beaumont. Her maid is with her.
THE PHANTOM PAGE."

Upon enquiry this was found to be true. Adeli, the maid, was really gone, though in the excitement this fact had been overlooked till now. The stern lord of Beaujeu shut himself up in his room, and refusing to be comforted, wept despairingly. Had his daughter eloped with even the hated knight of Courterelles, he could have borne it better. Beaumont was not only a stranger, but an enemy to her king and country, and notwithstanding the ideas of the governor upon the subject of love, were none the most romantic, he felt inexpressibly degraded at finding *his* daughter capable of forgetting Sir William so easily, after all her professions of regard for him. But then he recollected that the marriage of her former lover, the page's report of which he now credited, might have been the chief cause, in conjunction with his own harsh treatment, of her rash step. And here we leave the earl to indulge his unavailing grief, for a whole year, at the expiration of which the scene of our story opens in the English Metropolis.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

American Romance.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

ORISKA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Far in the West, where still the red man held
His rights unrifled, dwelt an aged chief,
With his young daughter. Joyous as a bird,
She found her pastime 'mid the forest shades,
Or with a graceful vigor urged her skiff
O'er the bright waters. The bold warriors marked
Her opening charms, but deemed her still a child,
Or feared from their grave kingly chief to ask
The darling of his age.
A stranger came
To traffic with the people, and amass
Those costly furs, which, in his native clime,
Transmute so well to gold. The blood of France
Was in his veins, and on his lips, the wile
That wins the guileless heart. Oft times at eve
He sought the chieftain's dwelling, and allured
The gentle girl to listen to his tale,
Well framed and eloquent. With piercing glance
He saw the love-flush on her olive cheek
Make answer to him, though the half hid brow
Drooped 'mid its wealth of tresses.
"Ah! I know
That thou dost love to please me. Thou hast put
Thy splendid coronet of feathers on—
How its rich crimson dazzles 'mid thy locks,
Black as the raven's wing. Thy bracelets, too!
Who told thee thou wast beautiful? Hast seen
Thy queenly features in yon mirrored lake?
Bird of the Sioux! let my nest be thine,
And I will sing thee melodies that make
Midnight like morn."
With many a spell he charmed
Her trusting innocence; the dance, the song,
The legend, and the lore of other lands;
And patient taught his pupil's lip to wind
The maze of words with which his native tongue
Refines the thought. The hoary chieftain frowned,
But when the smooth Canadian pressed his suit,
To be adopted by his tribe and dwell
Among them, as a brother and a son,
And when the indulgent sire observant read
The earnest pleading of Oriska's eye,
He gave her tenderly, with sacred rites,
In marriage to the stranger.
Their sweet bower
Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
O'ercanopied with trees, while countless birds
Carolled unwearied; the gay squirrel leaped,
And the wild bee went singing at her work,
Satiate with luxury. Through matted grass,
With silver feet, a frolic fountain stole
Still tracked by deepening greenness, while afar
The mighty prairie met the bending skies,
A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers,
Nor lacked their pleasant dwelling such device
Of comfort or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, emulous to please,
Creates for him she loves; for she had hung
Attentive on his lips, as he described
The household policy of climes refined,
And with such earnest and inventive skill
Caught the suggestions of his cultured taste,
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On painted basket, and on flower-crowned vase,
Carpets and curtains, called her house the court
Of their French princess. The rich, clustering vine
Crept o'er their porch, and 'neath its fragrant shade
Oriska sang her evening melodies,
Tuneful and clear and deep, the echoed breath
Of her soul's happiness. Her highest care,
And dearest pleasure, was to make his lot
Delightful to her lord, and he, well pleased
With the simplicity of her fervent love,
And the high honor paid a chieftain's son,
Roamed with the hunters at his will, and brought
Birds of the gayest plume as trophies home
To his young bride.
Months fled, and with them, change
Stole o'er his love. And when Oriska marked
The shadow darkening on his brow, she feared
The rudeness of her nation, or perchance
Her ignorance had erred, and strove to do
His will more perfectly. And though his moods
Of harshness or disdain chilled every joy,
She blamed him not, for unto her he seemed
A higher being of a nobler race,
And she was proud and happy, might she bathe
His temples in some fit of transient pain,
Or by a menial's toil advance the feast,
Which still she shared not. When his step was heard,
She bade her beating heart be still, and smoothed
The shining tresses he was wont to praise,
And fondly hasting, raised her babe to meet
His father's eye, contented if the smile
That once was her's might rest upon her child.
But that last solace failed, and the cold glance
Contemptuously repressed her toil of love,
And then—he came no more.
And as she watched,
Night after night, and questioned every hour,
How bitterly those weeks and years were marked
Upon the broken tablet of the soul
By that forsaken wife.

* * * * * * * * *

Calm moonlight touched
A fair Canadian landscape. Roof and spire,
And broad, umbrageous trees, were saturate
With liquid lustre. O'er a lordly dome
Whose halls had late with bridal pomp been gay,
The silver curtains of the summer night
Were folded quietly.
A music sound
Broke forth abruptly from its threshold stone,
Shrill and unearthly—not the serenade,
That pleases beauty's ear, but a bold strain,
Loud even to dissonance, and oft prolonged
In low, deep cadence, wonderfully sad.
The wild song of the Sioux. He who first
Awaking caught that mournful melody,
Shuddered with icy terror, as he threw
His mantle o'er him, and rushed madly forth
Into the midnight air.
"Hence! Leave my door!
I know thee not, dark woman! hence away!"
"Ah! let me hear that voice! How sweet its tones
Fall on my ear, although the words are stern.
Say! know'st thou not this boy? These eyes are thine!
Those chestnut clusters round the lifted brow,
Said'st thou not in his cradle they were thine?"
"How cam'st thou here, Oriska?"
"We have trod
A weary way. My father and his men
Came on the business of the tribe, and I
Unto whose soul the midnight and the morn
Have been alike for years, came restlessly
A wanderer in their train, leading our boy.
My highest hope was but to hear perchance
That thou didst live, and lo! a blessed guide
Hath shown me to thine home."
"Oriska, go!
I have a bride. Thou canst not enter here—
I'll come to thee to-morrow."
"Wilt thou come?
The white-haired chief, I fear me, fades away
Unto the Spirit-land!"
"I bid thee hence
To thine abode. Have I not said to thee
I'll come to-morrow?"
With a heavy heart,
Through silent streets, the sad brow'd woman went,
Leading her child.
Morn came, and day declined.
Yet still he came not. By her sire she watched,
O'er whose dull eye a filmy shadow stole,
While to her troubled question no reply
Rose from his palsied lip. Nature and age
Slept wearily and long. The second eve
Darkened the skies, when lo! a well-known step—
He stood before her.
"Was it kind of thee,
Oriska, thus to break my bridal time
With thy strange, savage music?"
"Was thy wife
Angry with the poor Indian? Not to speak
Harsh words I came. I would not think of thee
A thought of blame. But ah! mine aged sire,
Thou see'st him dying in this stranger-land,
Far from his fathers' graves. Be thou a friend
When he is gone and I am desolate.
O let me be a servant to thy wife,
I'll bring her water from the purest spring,
And plant the corn, and be her household slave,
And never be impatient or require
Payment from her, nor kind regard from thee.
I will not call thee husband, though thou taught'st
My stammering lip that word when love was young,
Nor ask one pitying look, or favoring tone,
Or aught, except to serve and pray for thee
To the Great Spirit. And this boy shall do
Her will, and thine."
The pale-face turned away,
With well dissembled anger, though remorse
Stirred in his callous bosom!
"Urge me not!
It cannot be!"
And more he might have said,
Basely and bitterly, but lo! the chief
Cast off the ice of death, and on his bed,
With clenched hand and quivering lip, uprose.
"His curse be on thee! He who knoweth where
The lightnings hide!"
Fond arms were round him thrown—
"Oh! curse him not, my father! Curse him not!
The father of my boy;" and blinding tears
Fell down so fast, she marked not with what haste
The white-browed recreant fled.
"I tell thee, child,
The cold, black gall-drop in a traitor's soul
Doth make a curse. And though I curse him not,
The sun shall hate him, and the waters turn
To poison in his veins.
But light grows dim!
Go back to thine own people. Look no more
On him whom I have cursed, and lay my bones
Where my dead fathers sleep."
A hollow groan,
Wrung by extremest agony, broke forth
From the old chieftain's breast.
"Daughter! I go
To the Great Spirit."
O'er that breathless clay
Bowed down the desolate woman. No complaint,
No sigh of grief, burst forth. The tear went back
To its deep fountain. Lip and fringed lid
Trembled no more than in the statued bronze,
Nor shrunk the slightest nerve, as o'er her passed
The asphyxia of the heart.
Day after day,
O'er wild and tangled forest, moved a train,
Bearing with smitten hearts their fallen chief,
And next the bier a silent woman trod,
A child's young hand forever clasped in hers,
And on her lip no sound. Long was the way
Ere the low roof-trees of their tribe they saw
Sprinkling the green; and loud the funeral wail
Over the honored dead, who, in his youth,
Their battles led, and in his wintry years
Had won that deeper reverence, which so well
The forest-sons might teach our wiser race
To pay to hoary age. Beneath the mounds,
Where slept his ancient sires, they laid him down,
And there the gathered nation mourned their sire,
In the wild passion of untutored grief,
With echoed dirges round his open grave,
Then smoothed its green turf and went their way.

Who is yon woman, in her dark canoe,
Who strangely toward Niagara's fearful gulf
Floats on unmoved?
Firm and erect she stands,
Clad in such bridal costume as befits
The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge
Of her embroidered mantle, flecked with gold,
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,
As though the spirit of that dread abyss,
In terrible sublimity, had quelled
All thought of earthly things.
Fast by her side
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lip,
Half blanched with terror, steals the frequent sound
Of "Mother! Mother!"
But she answereth not;
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,
The death song of her people. High it rose
Above the tumult of the tide that bore
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,
And held his breath with awe.
Her song grew faint—
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasped him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
On toward the unfathomed gulf, and the chill spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.
And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.
One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One flitting gleam—bright robe—and raven tress—
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er—
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph!

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR DECEMBER.

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"*

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

How old art thou? Is life's fair morning glowing
In glorious beauty o'er thee? Does thy heart,
With hope and fancy's dreamy bliss o'erflowing,
Deem earth a paradise, where sorrow's smart,
Nor grief, nor fear may come? Is pleasure flinging
Fair flowers and precious fruits about thy way,
And, from its treasure-house of blessings, bringing
New joys to charm and make thy spirit gay?
Oh! in the sunlight of thy young heart's gladness,
Remember thou that chance and change may come,
E'en unto thee, and, with a cloud of sadness,
Wrap the bright visions in funereal gloom—
And, though the saddening thought calls forth an anxious sigh,
Think that, though few thy years, thou'rt old enough to die!

How old art thou? Is youth's gay season over?
Hast learned that life and joy are things apart?
And dost thou wear a sunny smile, to cover
The anguish of a disappointed heart?
Or, are life's loveliest gifts spread out before thee—
No good withheld, no fond desire denied—
Hath fortune waved her golden sceptre o'er thee,
Bidding each longing wish be gratified?
Or, hath Ambition's magic influence bound thee,
Luring thee onward to some lofty height
Above thy peers, where the proud world around thee
May gaze, admire, and own thy spirit's might?
Alas! nor grief, nor bliss, nor aspirations high,
Can turn Fate's shaft aside. Thou'rt old enough to die!

How old art thou? Thou feeble man, and hoary,
Gay youth and manhood's prime have passed away—
And, on thy brow, Time's record tells the story
Of ripening years, and nature's sure decay,
As lengthening shadows mark the day declining,
Life's dial-plate denotes thy setting sun—
And soon, all earthly cares and thoughts resigning,
Thou'lt rest in calm repose, thy labor done
The past, with all its mingled joys and sorrows,
Its wealth and honors can be naught to thee—
When, from the future, thy worn spirit borrows
Visions, which prompt fond longings to be free;
And taste of bliss, unknown to mortal sense or eye,
Eternal in the heavens. Rejoice! 'Tis time for thee to die!

* Genesis xlvii. 8.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

THE WIFE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE CASKET OF FATE," ETC.

"All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them, issue forth;
For Love, in sequel, works with Fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.

CHAPTER I.

Cold and white as the bridal blossoms in her hair, was the youthful cheek, which a glow of love and pride should have kindled into color—for Harriet Percy, though about to become the bride of one of the most admired and distinguished men in the country, was too well convinced of his indifference to be happy in the prospect. She knew that with him it was a marriage of expediency. That he was poor—that he required means to further his ambitious views, and that, though uniformly kind and respectful in his manner, when they met, he had scarcely bestowed a thought upon her mind, heart or person, during the three weeks which intervened between their introduction to each other and this their bridal morning.

For years before that introduction, even from childhood, she had worshipped his lofty genius, and admired at a distance his noble form. He was the idol of her every dream—her hero—her ideal! His haughty bearing, his coldly intellectual expression, which would have repelled a less ardent and romantic heart, had for her an inexpressible charm. And when, at a party given by a mutual, match-making friend, during the first season of her entrance into society, he had been introduced to her, she was so agitated and confused by her various emotions, that she could only blush and reply in monosyllables to his polite attempts at conversation.

Poor Harriet was angry and mortified at herself; and utterly unsuspicious, in her own guileless truth, of any mercenary motive on his part, she was not less amazed than delighted when, after two or three interviews of the same description, he formally proposed to her father for her hand, and was at once accepted. Exulting in her conquest, yet awed by his distant demeanor, she hardly knew at first whether to be happy or the contrary; but loving as she was, there was a latent spirit of pride and lofty resolution in her soul, which she had never dreamed of till it was awakened by her present situation.

With a woman's instinct, she learned to read his heart. She saw that the demon Ambition had obscured, without obliterating, its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trusted to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the meantime she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled—her dark eyes flashed—her high spirit revolted at the thought! She would sooner die than humble herself in his eyes! She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted as her own, would she yield the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should be unveiled to him the altar on which his image dwelt enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought—its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

For his life Mr. William Harwood could not have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not—he never dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded his eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzling fair complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark and fringed with long, thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined, a light and gracefully moulded form—these were the least of her attractions. A thousand nameless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look and tone, betrayed the soul within; and yet, with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and tender, and gentle in all her ways and words, that the world never dreamed of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was those she loved that she enchanted.

CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tears—she hushed her heart, and spoke in accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances without a sigh, a blush, a sign of emotion—sweetly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at her strange self-possession, and while he wondered rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and lead her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way! She threw herself on his breast and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a grieved and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such a display of emotion in one usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself beside her in the carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and soon succeeding in conquering every outward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the journey.

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner, and Harwood sat dreaming before his library fire, when a note was put into his hand by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents!

"You do not love me!—and no pretence of love which you may adopt from motives of duty or compassion will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you.
"HARRIET HARWOOD."

Harwood stared at the paper in astonishment at first; but he had always looked upon Harriet as a child, and he soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued withal, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper—"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her plate.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and with a trembling hand unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. The next she put the billet by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table. And Mr. Harwood thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a remarkably pretty woman, dismissed the subject from his mind, and discussed his dinner with great gout, and the political topics of the day with still greater.

Fair reader! you will say that Mr. William Harwood was a most unfeeling person. But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellectual pursuits, that he had never found time even to think of love. Had his good angel but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful wife loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it as in honor bound, and have wondered that he never thought of it before; but the trouble was, he didn't happen to think any thing about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he had thought I should have had no story to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes, Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content her self in her own silent and secret worship of her husband—

But love, unloved is but
A wearying task at best!
Better be lying in the grave,
In dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person—she was more spiritual than intellectual—her heart supp'ed the place of a mind.

One evening, at a party, a young English officer approaching Harwood exclaimed, "My dear sir! do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark-eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high-priest, had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time suspecting her hidden passion for himself, he colored, smiled, and seemed so confused that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself, and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to his wife.

As we said before, Harwood was by no means without a heart, but his giant intellect and his situation in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few minutes impatiently to Harriet's grace and sweet conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and pressing it tenderly, whispered "Let us go home, dear Harriet; I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming? the words, the tone, the look, the light caresses, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstacy of the moment, almost fainting, indeed from excess of emotion, she murmured,

"Yes, let us go at once."

He sprung into the carriage after her, and drew her to his heart. "Oh, William! do you—do you love me? Can it indeed be true?"

"*My wife!*"

The scene is sacred—let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER IV.

"More close and close his footsteps wind,
The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker till he find
The quiet chamber far apart."

At an unusually early hour, the next evening, Harwood returned to his now happy home, and hastening up the stairs, paused at the door of his wife's boudoir, arrested by her voice within. She was singing, in a low and touching voice, and with exquisite taste, a simple song which he had never heard before. Though naturally very fond of music, it had happened by some strange chance that he had not heard Harriet play or sing, indeed he did not know that she possessed the accomplishment. The words of the song went straight to his heart, and thus they ran:

I knew it! I felt it!—he loves me at last!
The heart-hidden anguish forever is past!
Love brightens his dark eye and softens his tone,
He loves me—he loves me—his soul is mine own!

Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm—
I've a light in this heart all existence to warm—
No grief can oppress me, no shadow o'ercast
In that blessed conviction—he loves me at last!

Echoing, with his rich, manly voice, the last five words, Harwood opened the door and held out his arms, and his happy and beautiful wife flew to his embrace, with a fresh and artless delight, peculiarly fascinating to the world-worn man she worshipped.

CHAPTER V.

For three months, Harwood was a devoted lover and husband, and Harriet was happy in his love; but he could not all at once, and forever, forego the glorious dreams of his youth—and by degrees he returned to his political duties, and grew gradually stately and cold, and apparently indifferent as before.

And now Harriet was more wretched than ever. Now, that she had once experienced the happiness of being loved, caressed, admired, she could not endure life unblessed by tenderness and hope. By nature, ardent, susceptible, dependent upon those around her for happiness, and clinging to all who could offer her affection, it had been only by a violent struggle that she had forced herself into a state of apparent apathy, during the first few weeks of her marriage; but, once aroused from it, she had abandoned her whole being to the enchantment of Love's happy dream, and henceforward life was hollow without it.

Her husband's returning coldness and neglect had wounded, but not subdued her heart; and what was the wife to do with all the new unemployed feeling and fancy awakened in its depths.

The interesting young officer, before mentioned, had fallen in love with Harriet at first sight, ere he knew she was the bride of his friend; and, though distinguished in the field by his bravery and skill, *self-conquest* was an art he had neither learned nor dreamed of. Visiting from time to time at the house, he soon saw her unhappiness, and penetrated its cause. His sympathy was excited—his visits grew more frequent—with refined and subtle tenderness, almost irresistible to a heart like hers, he entered earnestly into her pursuits—read with her, walked with her, sang with her—praised her mind and heart—called her "the sister of his soul," and so adapted himself to her tastes and her affections that Harriet found herself on the verge of a precipice, ere she was aware she had overstepped the limits of propriety and discretion. It was a sort of spiritual magnetism, which she tried in vain to resist.

Harriet would never have been guilty of actual crime—she was too proud and too pure for that; but in a soul so highly toned, so delicately and daintily organized as hers, the slightest aberration, in thought, look or deed, from the faith which was due to her husband, produced a discord, involving the loss of self-respect, and consequent misery and remorse.

And now Love and Sorrow swept the strings, and awakened a melody sweet, but plaintive as the sound of an Æolian harp. They had made her a poet, and she poured forth, in frequent verse, the various emotions they aroused.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harwood had just returned from a long journey. He had been unsuccessful in two or three important projects, and, disgusted with the uncertainty attending his pursuits, he had suddenly determined to abandon politics altogether. His heart yearned toward his sweet wife as it had never yearned before. He had been away from her so long! He needed her love now, he needed her soft voice to soothe and comfort him, and he came prepared, not only to receive but to give consolation. He entered her boudoir softly, intending to surprise her. She was reclining on the sofa asleep—pale and sad, with tears still lingering on her lashes, and her fair hair streaming from her childish brow—her lips half parted, and sighing as she slept, she looked so enchantingly lovely that he sprung forward to her with a kiss, when a paper lying loosely in her hand, arrested his attention. He drew it softly from her. It was addressed "To My Husband," and thinking himself thus justified in reading it, he did so, with what emotions may be better imagined than told. It was as follows:

Oh! hasten to my side, I pray!
I dare not be alone!
The smile that tempts, when thou'rt away,
Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that oftenest charms mine ear,
Hath such beguiling tone,
'Twill steal my very soul, I fear,
Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep,
It murmurs praise too dear,
It makes me passionately weep,
Then gently soothes my fear;

It calls me sweet, endearing names,
With Love's own childish art,
My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—
To rescue to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-filled eyes
Speak tenderly to mine;
Beneath that gaze what feelings rise!
It is more kind than thine!

A hand, even pride can scarce repel,
The fondly seeks mine own,
It is not safe!—it is not well!
Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose,
Beneath his earnest eye,
The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows—
Alas! so sure I try!

Oh! trust me not—a woman frail—
To brave the sneers of life!
Less lonely, sad, unloved, I fail,
And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me,
There's honor by thy side!
Better unblest, yet safe, to be,
Than lost to truth, to pride!

Alas! my peril hourly grows,
In every thought and dream;
Not—not to thee my spirit goes,
But still—yes! still to him!

Return with those cold eyes to me,
And chill my soul once more;
Back to the loveless apathy,
It learned so well before!

Jealousy, anger, pity, remorse and love were at war in the breast of Harwood; but, with a moment's reflection through the past, upon his own conduct, the three latter conquered, and, kneeling by her side, he pressed his lips upon her brow. She murmured softly in her sleep, "Dear, darling husband! do you love me!" and the color trembled in her cheek like the rosy light of morning on the snow.

Harwood pressed her passionately to his heart, she awoke terrified, ashamed, penitent, yet happy at length beyond expression, for she forgave and was forgiven. She had overrated, in her sensitive consciousness, the extent of her error. Her fancy, her mind, rather than her affections, had been beguiled. Harwood felt at once that the dewy bloom of purity had not been brushed from the heart of his fragile flower, by the daring wing of the insect that had sought it, and henceforth it was cherished in its proper home—his own noble and faithful breast!

FROM THE OPAL.

THE PRAYER OF A BEREAVED MOTHER.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

God! hear my prayer—for thou alone wilt hear!
From man I turn despairing, and bereft
Of all the treasures that my soul holds dear
Not one, not one of my young darlings left;
At morn I miss them, when, from weary sleep
Waking, I strive the solemn void to fill
With their sweet faces; bitterly I weep,
Weep, weep and wonder if they love me still.

At eve I miss them, when the twilight throws
Its long, broad shadows o'er the quiet earth;
How, tired of play, they murmured for repose
And hushed awhile their free, melodious mirth!
Oh, what a thrill of pure delight was mine,
When their warm kisses drank my gushing tears,
When for a moment beams of joy would shine
Through the dark track of desolated years.

Thou know'st my innocence, my wrongs, my pain,
The cruel wrongs I, unrepining, bore;
Thou know'st this bosom is as free from stain
As theirs whose loss in anguish I deplore.
I cannot yield them—are they not mine own?
Mine, from the hour they drew their earliest breath,
In health, in sickness mine, and mine alone—
Mine, till, oh God! thou mak'st them thine in death.

My heart, my heart will break; I cannot still
This throbbing grief, this life-consuming fire—
I bow submissive to thy mighty will,
And yet, I pray thee, grant my soul's desire!
Let me behold them, let me once more hear
Their gentle voices, or but one faint sigh,
Muttered in fondness, undisturbed by fear,
And I will fold them in my arms and die.

* In this poem, I have attempted—alas, how feebly!—to express the sorrow of a mother after being compelled, by the cruel rules regulating cases of divorce, to yield the custody of her children. No matter whether she be guilty or innocent, the common-law, outraging nature, inflicts upon a woman the sharpest punishment she can be made to feel. When will legislators learn to be humane? When will just statutes do away with unjust precedents?

Miscellaneous News.

French Spoliations.—The citizens of the several States, having claims for spoliations committed by the French prior to 1800, were represented in a convention which assembled at New York on Wednesday. Committees were appointed to report the names of the claimants, to report a memorial to Congress and an address to the people of the United States.

Death of Mr. Hassler.—M. F. Hassler, superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, died on Monday evening, at the Franklin House in this city, after a short illness. Mr. Hassler as an eminent mathematician and man of science, is well known both in Europe and this country. He was about 74 years old.

☞ The U. S. Brig Boxer, Lieut. Bullus, Commanding, sailed from Pensacola on the 9th inst. for Norfolk via Matanzas. The United States brig Bainbridge, Commander Mattison, got under way on Thursday week, from Norfolk, bound for the West Indies.

☞ Massachusetts has more tonnage than any other State in the Union, and even owns, seventy-one thousand two hundred tons of shipping more than New York.

☞ The total number of persons in the Alms House, New York, on the 11th, was 2771. In the Prisons at Belle Vue, Blackwell's Island, and the city, 1066.

☞ Six hundred and thirty-five thousand, five hundred and ninety-eight tons of coal have been shipped from the Schuylkill region, this season.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE PRIZE STORIES.

The examination of the tales given in competition for the prizes offered by the publishers of the Post, proves, from their number and length, to be no slight duty. The Committee, consisting (as stated by us last week) of J. K. Mitchell, Hon. R. T. Conrad and Joseph C. Neal, Esq., is in session; and the result of their examination will be announced at the earliest possible day.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Foreign News will be looked at in this paper with no little interest. The O'Connell trial is taking the turn which the Saturday Post has already prophesied it would. The British ministry have no intention to make a martyr of Mr. O'Connell, or of any body else; but will so conduct the matter as to give as little "heroic" interest to it as possible; and will so manage it as to fritter away the excitement before the close. The Irishmen themselves have helped this result, it is said, by ridiculously hoaxing the informers so that it is not impossible that the whole may end in a broad laugh, so far as legal proceedings are concerned. At the end of the excitement, and when it is all over, the repealers will be met with some measures of reform, enough completely to quiet the excitement; and sufficient vastly to benefit old Ireland. All that she needs she must get one day or another—but it is better to receive it progressively, than all at once.

We issue but one more paper before the assembling of Congress. What the political character of the next National Legislature will be, may be seen by the table published in another part of this day's paper. The first matter which will come up will be on the question of the right of members to seats, who have been elected by general ticket, contrary to the provision of the apportionment law. It is not likely, however, that this matter will long remain undecided.

On our outside pages to-day the reader will find a sparkling variety of literary novelty, original and select. The story of chivalrous times, by Orlando George, is a rarity in those days of domestic stories, and every day incidents. It carries one back to the days when he, or she (more likely the latter) read romances by stealth, and blushed to find grandmother peeping through her spectacles over the reader's shoulder.

Mrs. Sigourney's Poem is one of the best which has come from that lady's pen for a great while—a most beautiful romance. No one can read it without admitting all that has ever been claimed for the lady by her critics.

A MAGNIFICENT SHIP.

The ship South America which lately sailed from Providence, R. I., on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean, is said to be the largest, as she is known to be the fastest vessel ever engaged in that business. She was bought out of the line of packets from New York to Liverpool, by her present proprietors, T. Fletcher & Brothers, of Providence; and, while in the line, was reported the swiftest ship that left New York. She goes out with her state-rooms and cabins as luxuriously fitted up as ever; while her tanks and other appliances for securing oil will enable her, it is said, to pump down twice as much of the article as any ship on the ground. Her captain is celebrated for having made more successful voyages, in the same number of years, than any man in the business. The first mate, has himself, commanded a whaler; while the material of the crew may be judged from the fact, that thirteen experienced sailors entered as ordinary seamen, after the complement of able-bodied seamen had been filled up. Her first destination is the Sandwich Islands, to which place she will probably make the quickest trip on record. A party of ladies and gentlemen of Providence, with a few invited guests from abroad, enjoyed a splendid collation on board, the evening before she sailed, ending with a dance. The next day the same party accompanied her to Newport, to which place she ran in less than three hours, having the current against her most of the way, with only her topsails set. Below Fort Adams she hove-to, the party embarked in a pilot-boat, and with nine hearty cheers wished her a bon voyage, to which the crew, manning her, replied as heartily. No whaling vessel ever left port so thoroughly fitted to achieve a speedy voyage; and we have no doubt, the owners of this splendid craft will be amply repaid for their spirit and energy in sending out such a vessel and crew.

BUSINESS REVIVAL.

It is stated that capitalists from the eastern States are establishing works below Easton, and some seven or eight works on the Morris Canal are about to be put in operation. It is estimated that over sixty thousand tons of anthracite coal will be consumed in iron furnaces this year—the knowledge of which has much increased the price of that article. Pennsylvania needs only employment for her industry, demand for her products, and development of her resources, to enable her to laugh those to scorn who doubt her ability to pay her debts, principal and interest, present, future, and arrearages. Her population, as a whole are frugal, enterprising and industrious, and there are those living who will look back with a smile of wonder, at the times when any doubted or despaired.

HURL GATE.

This famous strait, rendered classical by the veracious Diedrich Knickerbocker, is about to be smoothed down into a very prosaic passage. A scientific captain of one of the Norwich steamboats has been collecting information for some time, in regard to it, and he is about to petition to Congress for an appropriation to remove the rocks, &c., which he thinks can be easily accomplished. If a free and safe navigation can be made, it will be a matter of vast moment to New York and the whole of the Eastern States. But what will become of the picturesque? Some of these matter of fact chaps will yet be begging for an appropriation to civilize Niagara.

CUBA.

The New Orleans papers state that their latest advices from the Island of Cuba, represent that the general feeling is in favor of the recent change in the government of the parent country, and that Espartero has no partizans in the *fiel Isla de Cuba*. Tranquillity reigned throughout the Island. It required no arrival from Havana to tell us this. Through all changes, like the Vicar of Bray, Cuba is faithful to "whatsoever power may reign." In this way it has preserved its wealth and peace, while the northern countries has been distracted.

A TALL TOWN.

Several of the newspapers have been very pathetic over a whole town destroyed by fire, in Huntingdon county, in this State. It now appears that the whole town consisted of one tavern and a stable attached. We wish no larger place might ever burn down.

THE RIOTERS.

The Grand Jury of the Quarter Sessions have made a presentment which has caused some excitement and no little commendation. After reciting in a preamble, the prominent circumstances of the recent fights, and declaring the necessity of decisive steps, the presentment goes on to say:

And whereas, the Grand Jury have satisfactory evidence that the following Companies have also been engaged in riots at sundry times, viz:—The Fairmount Engine, the Good Will Hose, the Philadelphia Engine, the Schuylkill Hose, the Western Engine, the Mechanic's Engine, the Moyamensing Hose, the Marion Hose and the Franklin Hose.

Therefore, We, the Grand Jury of Inquest for the City and County of Philadelphia, under a sense of the duty we owe to ourselves, our fellow citizens, and the firemen in general, do present the above named companies as nuisances, and recommend that the doors of the said companies be closed by the proper authorities; or that other decisive measures should be taken by the civil authorities, to prevent the recurrence of such outrages in future.

The Grand Jury recommend to the Commissioners of the several Districts and to the city councils, to withhold the appropriations to each and every company which may be engaged in rioting, believing that if this course is adopted without partiality and without favor, keeping a single eye to peace and good order, that it will have the desired effect in restraining the belligerent propensities of such companies.

It was ordered by the court that certified copies of the presentment be sent to the different corporations in the city and county, and that it be published in the daily newspapers.

We notice that a large space is filled in the columns of several of the papers, with the statements and counter-statements of the firemen. But the publishers of these reports are all wrong, if they fancy that people are going to take the trouble to sift and discover who is worst and who is least blame-worthy in a business *where all are wrong*. If they take such outrageous means to right themselves, and disturb the whole public with their quarrels, the public will take the shortest way to dispose of the matter, by pronouncing them all disturbers of the peace. We trust this presentment, and the manner in which it has been received, will give them some idea in what light the public look upon the whole matter.

COMPLIMENTARY.

We see that the London Despatch copies from the Saturday Post, the excellent little sketch entitled the "Enterprising and the Spiritless," written for us some time since, by our townsman, Robert Morris, Esq. The fine prize story, written by the same gentleman, for "The Dollar," is also copied in the Cheltenham (Eng.) Free Press, with high commendation. "Who reads an American book?" can scarcely be asked now by an Englishman, since the best efforts of American writers are as familiar to the British public as our own. We see some of the most brilliant articles which have appeared in Graham's Magazine, from the pens of Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Willis and others of high repute, copied into the English journals with the coolest effrontery.

CONTRADICTION.

It was stated in the Post, a week or two since, on the authority of the New Orleans papers, that the Santa Fe Trade had been closed by the arbitrary shutting up of the frontier places of entry, by Santa Ana. The St. Louis papers state that the edict has been misapprehended, and that, instead of being injurious it will be a benefit. Formerly goods had to pay a double duty, if moved from one frontier city to another—now goods which have passed the custom house at Santa Fe may be carried to the other places without additional duty.

COLONIZATION.

The Colonization Society of New York have just sent to Liberia, by the Latrobe, from Baltimore, $2,000, and they appeal to their friends for assistance in the effort to send $400 more within fifteen days. In a published address the President shows the importance of occupying the African coast with colonies under our jurisdiction. If the English and French extend their settlements for a few years as they are now extending them, they will possess the trade of the entire coast, and the commerce, which is now worth to us a million annually, will be taken out of our hands.

CURIOUS.

At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a very curious paper was read from the pen of Dr. Plouvier, of Lille, on the application of the cornea of one animal to the eye of another. The doctor states that he has a rabbit which was blind, but to whose eye he has applied the cornea of another rabbit, and that the hitherto blind animal now sees perfectly. Such experiments look barbarous, and undoubtedly many of them are unnecessarily so; but many wonderful results in science have been obtained by the sacrifice of minor animals.

A NEW VOLCANO.

According to letters from Ancona, a volcano appeared in September, in the rocky island of Melada, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. On the night of the 14th, the crew of a Roman vessel saw lava issue from the centre of the island, and flow over an extent of half a mile. The night after, seven distinct craters were seen to send forth darkish inflamed matter. Curious—but better to visit at a distance than to have in ones immediate neighborhood.

CONNECTICUT.

Miss Lucy, all over the world, may take her time from Connecticut. According to the Newark Advertiser, the number of wooden clocks manufactured in Connecticut last year, was 500,000. The number will be greatly increased this year in consequence of a foreign demand. Within an hour's ride of Hartford, a thousand clocks are finished daily. Nearly every ship that clears for Europe now, takes out this species of freight.

HONOR TO WORTH.

The members of the New York National Academy of Design, at a full meeting on Monday evening last, passed several resolutions on the recent death of Colonel Trumbull, and Mr. Clevenger, expressing their high respect for their genius and character. They also resolved as an expression of their sympathy for the friends of the deceased, to wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for thirty days.

THE GRAMPUS.

We learn from the National Intelligencer, that the subscription for the relief of the families of the Officers and Seamen of the United States schooner Grampus (lost at sea) is going on famously. Within the last two or three days, one gentleman has sent $500 from Philadelphia; another $700 from New York; and another $1400 from Boston, as the fruits each of his own labor.

ADAMS & CO.

In a suit brought by Government against those gentlemen, the conductors of several "expresses," it was proved that a man in their employ, had, on one occasion, carried letters to the value of $4. They urged in defence, that the man was not continued in their employment, and that they could not know the interior of packages. They were acquitted.

MAGNIFICENT FLOWER.

There is an American Aloe, or Century Plant, now exhibiting in Richmond, Va. The Compiler says the stalk, which is now about 18 feet high, is a little more than a month old, and has nearly a thousand buds and blossoms, each, as it fades, leaving a clear drop of honey. Such a plant is worth going a hundred miles to see.

RIGHTLY NAMED.

The Boston Mail says a new article called the "Tyler Cannon" has been invented. The improvement consists in the priming hole being put in the middle, so that the piece will operate both ways at once. Put the piece between two armies, and the politicians say that it would illustrate Mr. Tyler's position, exactly.

JUDGE STORY.

We are gratified to notice that the health of this eminent jurist is so far restored, that he presided at the session of the U. States District Court, recently held in Rhode Island.

IS IT SO?

It is well known that the banks of this and other cities receive Spanish coins of twenty-five cents and less, only at a depreciated value; and it has been charged that they loan this same money for its full face, without interest. Thus it travels back to the banks again, to be reshaved. If this charge be true, it involves a most disgraceful peculation. The majority of our institutions we have no doubt scorn such actions. Are there any small enough to carry them on? The Boston Pennyline, by the way, receive quarters at their original value.

The Lecture Season.

LECTURE ON THE DRAMA.

A number of gentlemen in Boston, have invited Mr. Macready to give a course of lectures upon Elocution and Dramatic Readings, at the Melodeon, before he leaves that city. We hope he will be induced to accept this invitation; and the course of lectures, if once prepared, we may count upon hearing in Philadelphia also. There are thousands who would be delighted to listen to one of the most perfect elocutionists of the age, who are debarred that pleasure while he confines himself to the performances of the stage.

MR. WILLIS'S LECTURE.

The subject of Mr. Willis's opening lecture before the Baltimore Mercantile Library Association was "Self Culture." It was a beautifully written lecture, like every thing by Mr. Willis presenting the thoughts of the writer of the happiest language. As he leaves no sentence unfinished, and is just the man who would write nothing which should depend upon the associations of a lecture room for effect, we anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of the lecture when published.

Hebrews.—The theme of Mr. Wines's Lecture on Tuesday evening was the proof, by analysis, of the scriptural account, that the Hebrew nation was a confederacy of twelve states, each having its local tribunals, though subject to a central head. It was very carefully prepared, and satisfactory.

Philosophical Lectures.—In Mr. Kerr's Lecture on Tuesday night, at the Temperance Hall, N. L., a powerful galvanic battery was introduced, an electric gun, and much other apparatus of approved construction. The following lectures of the course will be of great interest.

The Old World.

POSITION OF MODERN GREECE, AND OF EUROPE GENERALLY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Those who are best acquainted with the affairs of Greece, and who have watched the intrigues of the three great powers in the Morea, are satisfactorily convinced that it is impossible for King Otho to preserve himself on the throne as a constitutional monarch. He would be a mere wire puppet in the hands of the different factions, and would, it is more than probable, fall at last a victim to their vindictiveness. Himself considers his position as untenable, and has expressed this view of the state of things, in an official note to the ministers of the five great powers, and in a personal interview with the Representatives of Russia, France, and England. Greece, like Belgium, will become subject to Protocols, and Otho, if he wishes to remain king of Greece, will be obliged to throw himself into the arms of either England or Russia. He will, of course, prefer the former, particularly as Austria and France, in her present position, will favor the project. It is the interest of Austria not to allow Russia to become a naval power in the Mediterranean, and France, with the prospect of a Regency, will not break with England under any circumstances. The visit of the Queen of England to the King of the French, at Eu, was to give the world the assurance that the alliance between the two countries, notwithstanding all the talk of the opposition prints, is established on a firm basis, which is not to be shaken either by an invasion of France, nor the Repeal question in Ireland; and that the Duke of Bordeaux, who is now making the tour of Europe, and is shortly to take up his residence at Holyrood, in Scotland, for the purpose of there awaiting the death of Louis Philippe, has to expect as little from the crown of England, as O'Connell and the Irish from the patriots of France. This, it is now as clear as day light, was the whole object of the Queen's visit; and O'Connell understood it; for, immediately after, he came out with his declaration in favor of Henry V. of France. Mr. O'connell's declaration has caused the court of St. James to decline receiving the Duke of Bordeaux officially, and the latter will sojourn in London but a few days, under an assumed name. This appears the more strange as the courts of Vienna and Berlin have tendered him a most sympathetic welcome, and as that of St. Petersburg has, for the last ten or twelve years, been known to favor the pretensions of the legitimate heir of France. The fact is, all the continental powers have, in a liberal point of view, "progressed backward," ever since 1833; until the conviction has been forced upon them, that they must either *destroy* representative forms of government altogether, or allow them a more liberal scope for the exercise of their privileges.

The great political question then being one of principles, it is evident that all such minor affairs as that of Greece, Italy, &c. must be decided in reference to the position of the Great Powers which, in spite of all that Vattel, Pothier, Puffendorf and Grotius wrote, completely destroys the doctrines of international law, and especially that which refers to the rights of sovereigns. The five Great Powers of Europe, England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, decide in a Congress, whether this or that nation is to be independent, whether one of the smaller countries is to be invaded—or whether constitutional forms of government are to be tolerated in a neighboring state.

Greece, under these circumstances, will be suffered, for a while, to go on making experiments in the art of freedom; which it is easily perceived, are not likely to succeed with a people just emerging from a long and degrading bondage. But no sooner will the bloodshed commence, than the allied powers, and on the other side, England and France will "in the name of humanity," interfere and establish a government *de facto*, by absolute force. How far King Otho has already yielded, and how little hope there is of his preserving either the respect of his subjects or the last remnant of power, is best exhibited by the manner in which he was deprived of both, and the little sympathy evinced for his fate, by those who alone have the power of saving him. A late number of the Augsburg Gazette contains, on this subject, a very interesting correspondence from Athens, written by an eye witness of the late revolution. It appears that the revolution was, after all, not entirely bloodless, and that bloodshed was only prevented by the King's accepting the most humiliating propositions. The King, it would seem, knew of the conspiracy, and had made preparations to receive the rebels; but had no idea how far it had progressed with the military.

"Alarmed by the measures of precaution ordered by the king," says the Correspondent, "the conspirators at once resolved to act. Makrijannis commenced the attack, on the night of the 14th to the 15th, at which a sergeant of the Armed Police was shot through the head, and one of the conspirators severely wounded. Kalergis ordered the 'Generale' to be beat, and the troops, which had previously received orders from the king to hold themselves in readiness, were quickly assembled. Kalergis and Skarbellis, the former commanding the Cavalry, the latter the first Battalion of Infantry, marched at once to the palace, surrounded it, and proceeded to proclaim the Constitution. In the meantime the king sent for the artillery. But his majesty's officer of ordinance received of Captain Schinas, who commanded the battery, the impertinent reply, that he only obeyed the orders of his superior military officer. When the king heard of this, he was at once satisfied that the troops had deserted him and that he could only rely on the stationed force of the Armed Police (gensd'armerie.) The king now ordered the gates of the palace to be closed, and the servants and guards to be provided with arms. The king then sent his adjutant, Col. Gardikiotes Grivas, to Kalergis, to treat with him; but the latter ordered him to be arrested, and in a similar manner was the minister of war, Gen. Blackaphas and the commander of the town, Lieutenant Colonel Pisa arrested and disposed of. While these events were taking place, Kalergis awaited the most violent impressions, until the king appeared on the balcony, to speak to the troops. But the troops (the people did not join in the movement) did not listen, and made such a noise that the king, being unable to make himself heard, was obliged to withdraw. At dawn of day, the signal fires, which had been burning all night on the neighboring mountains, attracted a few hundred armed peasants. The tocsin was now sounded, and, at six o'clock in the morning, between 5000 and 6000 people had joined the troops, principally from motives of curiosity. The ministers resident of the foreign powers, being informed of what was going on, proceeded to the palace in great uniform, but were told by Kalergis, who, in the meantime, *had ordered the cannon to be pointed toward the palace*, that at this moment, not the king, but the council of state, were in point of fact the sovereign power; and that consequently he could not permit any intercourse with the king without a specific order from those gentlemen. The Austrian minister was even insulted by a captain, and all were obliged to return without being able to advise the distressed monarch.

In the morning the council of state was summoned by Kalergis's patrols; in other words, they were arrested in their beds, and carried to the Hall of Sessions. The council proclaimed the *Constitution*, pledged their own oath of allegiance to the "Constitutional throne," and took the same oath of the troops in front of the palace. A Deputation of the Council, with its President, Conduriotis, at its head, proceeded to the king to obtain his signature to the ordinances. The noise without increased—the king at first showed great firmness; so did the queen, but the Princess of Oldenburg, her sister, at that time on a visit to Athens, was very much agitated. The ambassadors of the three protecting powers, who had again approached the palace, were now admitted. "This is your work, gentlemen," exclaimed King Otho, on their entering the room. "I have sacrificed to you my health and my youth; but I will not sacrifice mine honor." These words are said to have created some sensation; but when Kalergis sent word that his troops, who had already stood twelve hours before the palace, would give the king but fifteen minutes time to sign the ordinances by which the National Convention were summoned to meet in thirty days, the 15th of September created a day of public rejoicing throughout the country—Makrijannis and Kalergis's conduct approved of—and all strangers (Bavarians) dismissed from the public service, His Majesty, in order to avoid bloodshed, and to prevent the total destruction of the strangers, which would have followed the storming of the palace, at last yielded his assent. At four o'clock, P. M. the troops withdrew to the city, and the people dispersed. The Guards of the palace remained from first to last faithful to the king, and the Armed Police did its duty, for which reason they were both dismissed and their places occupied by the soldiers under the command of Col. Makrijannis. Public order has until lately been strictly observed. Only the Commissary of Finance, and two other persons were attacked by the populace; the former by some poor debtors whom he had imprisoned by due process of law. These were liberated in the night of the revolt; but the same privilege was not extended to criminals.

The Patriot Coletti, Greek Minister in Paris, of whom we have spoken in a previous number, seems to have been promptly informed of all that passed in Athens. Before he left Paris, a complimentary dinner was given him—at which many Peers, Deputies, Literati, and "friends of Greece" were present; and where Coletti alluded to the revolution of the 15th of September, in these terms: "A few days ago an event took place which will create a new era in our history, and whose *immediate consequences have been to cement and increase the sympathies already existing between France and Greece*. Our young monarch has put the seal to the numerous benefits already bestowed on my country. The object of the Greek revolution is now completely within our reach—Greece has entered the family of constitutional states. Permit me to rejoice with you at this happy turn of public affairs, which furnishes us with a new guarantee (?) of our national existence—and will assuredly promote the nearer approximation to France, on account of the similarity of their respective governments."

We shall be glad to hear that the hopes of the Greek Patriot are about to be realized; but we cannot, as yet, believe that a kingdom of less than a million of people, in the immediate neighborhood of France, and the Ionian Islands placed under British protection, will be able to maintain its national independence. The mass of the Greek people are not civilized, and it will therefore depend on the influence exercised by the leaders, and on the harmony which may prevail among them, whether Greece shall, or shall not be, able to maintain an independent policy. Should the leaders suffer themselves to be pampered by either Russia, England or France, as we believe they will, there is but little hope of national independence. But this we know—that France, by protecting Christianity in Syria, and throughout Asia Minor, and especially by protecting *Catholicism* to which the Greek religion bears a close resemblance, has made herself much more popular than England by the establishment of the Bishopric of Jerusalem, which was to act as a political offset to the power of the French in the Levante. The Eastern people are highly imaginative and sensual, and as such much more attached to the pomp and symbolic worship of the Catholic or Greek church, than to the philosophic considerations of Protestantism. If Russia were nearer the Morea, or if the she held the Dardanelles, Greece might be easily swallowed up by her; but the proximity of France and the similarity of her government, will extend French influence in that quarter, as well as in the heart of Africa.

POSTSCRIPT.

While the above was going to press, we received an additional letter by the Caledonia, from which we see that our prophecy has already been realized, and that Colectroni, one of the most faithful adherents of King Otho and the King of Bavaria attempted a counter revolution and utterly failed. It is a great pity that the new constitutional royalty has already been in the field against the constitutional warranty, and that Greece, which in 1822 has already seen the spectacle of two constitutional assemblies, should be again a prey to anarchy and civil war. In favor of King Otho we may say that he never sought the throne which the London Conference bestowed on him, and that it was the duty of the three protecting powers England, France, and Russia, to settle the form of government to be established in Greece as well as the monarch who was to be seated on the throne. One of the reasons of the dissatisfactions of the Greeks, and which it was not in the power of Otho to remedy, is the diminutive territory which has been cut out for the kingdom (inhabited by not quite a million of people), while many of the neighboring islands inhabited by the same brave race that fought the war of independence and submitted to all the sacrifices of the revolution are still doomed to languish under the Turkish despotism. The fact is the establishment of the kingdom of Greece by the three protecting powers, England, France, and Russia was little better than an apology to the Christian world for the indirect protection which these very powers, from mutual jealousy, have afforded to Turkey. It was the interest of these powers not to establish a maritime nation in the Mediterranean; and for that purpose they have made Greece what she now is—a living irony of her former greatness, law, order, &c.

That the German Government of Greece has left nothing undone to prepare her population for a rational system of liberty, is evinced by the following statistics, of public instruction from the year 1842. There were then in Greece the University of Athens with thirty professors, and not more than two hundred pupils, of whom about half were public officers—four Academies, at Athens, Lyra, Nauplia and Patras respectively, with about two thousand pupils, and fifty-four Normal schools, of which thirty-two are supported wholly from the public funds, the rest from public funds and the people at large. The whole number of young people frequenting schools was estimated at about five thousand.

The Seminary for the education of instructors numbered from 60 to 80 pupils.

The number of elementary schools was 225, teaching nearly 50,000 children.

In addition to this there was a Polytechnic School at Athens, which, as the Greeks are very deficient in trades and manufactories, can hardly have failed to do a vast deal of good.

The events of Greece show how much instruction is compatible with a total deficiency in the most elementary science of government.

Political Intelligence.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The Senate is now elected, except one member from Maryland, who will probably be a Whig. In that case, the Senate will stand twenty-eight Whigs to twenty-four Democrats. To balance this, the Democrats will have in the House all but about seventy members, at least. There are yet to be returned: from Maine, 4; Massachusetts 3; Maryland, 6; Georgia 1; and Mississippi, 4. The election to supply vacancies has been held in Maine, but we have not the official returns yet. The names set in Roman are Democrats, those in Italics are Whigs.

SENATE.

MAINE.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
John Fairfield	1845	Daniel E. Huger	1847
George Evans	1847	Geo. McDuffie	1849
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		GEORGIA.	
Levi Woodbury	1847	*John M. Berrien*	1847
Chas. G. Atherton	1849	Walter T. Colquitt	1849
VERMONT.		ALABAMA.	
Samuel Phelps	1845	Wm. R. King	1847
Wm. C. Upham	1849	Arthur P. Bagby	1849
MASSACHUSETTS.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Rufus Choate	1845	John Henderson	1845
Isaac C. Bates	1847	Robert J. Walker	1847
RHODE ISLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Wm. Sprague	1845	*Alexander Barrow*	1847
James F. Simmons	1847	*Alexander Porter*	1849
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
J. W. Huntington	1845	*E. H. Foster*	1845
John M. Niles	1849	*Spencer Jarnagin*	1847
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
N. P. Tallmadge	1845	*John T. Morehead*	1847
Silas Wright	1849	*John J. Crittenden*	1849
NEW JERSEY.		OHIO.	
William L. Dayton	1845	Benjamin Tappan	1845
Jacob W. Miller	1847	William Allen	1849
PENNSYLVANIA.		INDIANA.	
Daniel W. Sturgeon	1845	*Albert S. White*	1845
James Buchanan	1849	E. A. Hannegan	1845
DELAWARE.		ILLINOIS.	
Richard H. Bayard	1845	James Semple	1847
Thomas Clayton	1847	Sidney Breese	1849
MARYLAND.		MISSOURI.	
Wm. D. Merrick	1845	Thomas H. Benton	1845
Vacancy.		David R. Atchison	1849
VIRGINIA.		ARKANSAS.	
Wm. C. Rives	1845	Wm. S. Fulton	1847
Wm. S. Archer	1847	A. H. Sevier	1849
NORTH CAROLINA.		MICHIGAN.	
Willie P. Mangum	1847	*A. S. Porter*	1845
W. H. Haywood, Jr.	1849	*W. Woodbridge*	1847

Whigs, 27; Democrats, 24. Vacancy 1. Total 52.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MAINE.

1. B. J. Herrick.	5. ———
2. Robert P. Dunlap.	6. Hannibal Hamlin.
3. ———	7. ———
4. ———	

MASSACHUSETTS.

1. *Robert P. Winthrop.*	6. ———
2. *Daniel P. King.*	7. ———
3. ———	8. *John Quincy Adams,*
4. William Parmenter.	9. Henry Williams.
5. *Charles Hudson.*	10. *Joseph Grinnell.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1. Edmund Burke.	3. John P. Hale.
2. John R. Reding.	4. Moses Norris, Jr.

RHODE ISLAND.

1. *Henry Y. Cranston.*	2. *Elisha R. Potter.*

CONNECTICUT.

1. Thomas H. Seymour.	3. Geo. H. Catlin.
2. John Stewart.	4. Samuel Simons.

VERMONT.

1. *Solomon Foot.*	3. *George P. Marsh.*
2. ———	4. Paul Dillingham, Jr.

NEW YORK.

1. Selah B. Strong.	18. Preston King.
2. Henry C. Murphy.	19. Orville Hungerford.
3. *J. Phillips Phoenix.*	20. Samuel Beardsley.
4. Wm. B. Maclay.	21. J. E. Cary.
5. Moses G. Leonard.	22. S. M. Purdy.
6. *Hamilton Fish.*	23. Orville Robinson.
7. Jos. H. Anderson.	24. Horace Wheaton.
8. R. D. Davis.	25. George Rathbun.
9. James G. Clinton.	26. Amasa Dana.
10. Jeremiah Russell.	27. Byram Green.
11. Zadok Pratt.	28. *Thomas J. Patterson.*
12. David L. Seymour.	29. *Charles H. Carroll.*
13. *Daniel D. Barnard.*	30. Wm. S. Hubbell.
14. *Wm. G. Hunter.*	31. *Asher Tyler.*
15. Lemuel Stetson.	32. *Wm. A. Moseley.*
16. Chesselden Ellis.	33. *Albert Smith.*
17. Charles S. Benton.	34. *Washington Hunt.*

NEW JERSEY.

1. Lucius Q. C. Elmer.	4. Littleton Kirkpatrick.
2. George Sykes.	5. *William Wright.*
3. Isaac G. Farlee.	

PENNSYLVANIA.

1. *Edward J. Morris.*	13. *Henry Frick.*
2. *Joseph R. Ingersoll.*	14. *Alexander Ramsey.*
3. John T. Smith.	15. Henry Nes.
4. Charles J. Ingersoll.	16. James Black.
5. Jacob S. Yost.	17. *James Irvin.*
6. *Michael H. Jenks.*	18. *Andrew Stewart.*
7. *Abrah. R. McIlvaine.*	19. Henry D. Foster.
8. *Jeremiah Brown.*	20. *John Dickey.*
9. John Ritter.	21. William Wilkins.
10. Rich. Brodhead, Jr.	22. Samuel Hays.
11. Benj. A. Bidlack.	23. *Charles M. Reed.*
12. Almon H. Read.	24. *Joseph Buffington.*

DELAWARE.
George B. Rodney.
MARYLAND.
Not elected.

VIRGINIA.

1. Archibald Atkinson.	9. *Samuel Chilton.*
2. Geo. C. Dromgoole.	10. William F. Lucas.
3. Walter Coles.	11. William Taylor.
4. Edmund Hubard.	12. James B. Watts.
5. Thomas W. Gilmer.	13. Geo. W. Hopkins.
6. John W. Jones.	14. *Geo. W. Summers.*
7. Henry A. Wise.	15. Lewis Steenrod.
8. *Willoughby Newton.*	

NORTH CAROLINA.

1. *Thomas L. Clingman.*	6. James J. McKay.
2. *D. M. Barringer.*	7. J. R. Daniel.
3. David S. Reid.	8. A. H. Arrington.
4. *Edmund Deberry.*	9. *Kenneth Rayner.*
5. R. M. Saunders.	

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. James A. Black.	5. Armistead Burt.
2. Richard F. Simpson.	6. Isaac E. Holmes.
3. Joseph A. Woodward.	7. R. Barnwell Rhett.
4. John Campbell.	

GEORGIA.

1. E. J. Black.	5. Wm. H. Stiles.
2. H. A. Haralson.	6. *A. H. Stevens.*
3. J. H. Lumpkin.	7. *A. H. Chappell.*
4. Howell Cobb.	(One vacancy.)

KENTUCKY.

1. Linn Boyd.	6. *John White.*
2. *Willis Green.*	7. *Wm. P. Thompson.*
3. *Henry Grider.*	8. *Garrett Davis.*
4. George A. Caldwell.	9. Richard French.
5. James Stone.	10. J. W. Tibbatts.

TENNESSEE.

1. Andrew Johnson.	7. *David W. Dickinson.*
2. *Wm. T. Senter.*	8. *James H. Peyton.*
3. J. W. Blackwell.	9. Cave Johnson.
4. Alvan Cullom.	10. *John B. Ashe.*
5. Geo. W. Jones.	11. *Milton Brown.*
6. Aaron V. Brown.	

OHIO.

1. Alexander Duncan.	12. *Samuel F. Vinton.*
2. John B. Weller.	13. *Perley B. Johnson.*
3. *Robert C. Schenck.*	14. *Alexander Harper.*
4. *Joseph Vance.*	15. Joseph Morris.
5. Emery D. Potter.	16. James Mathews.
6. Henry St. John.	17. Wm. C. McCauslin.
7. Jos. J. McDowell.	18. Ezra Dean.
8. *John I. Vanmeter.*	19. *Daniel R. Tilden.*
9. *Elias Florence.*	20. *Joshua R. Giddings.*
10. Heman A. Moore.	21. Henry R. Brinkerhoff.
11. Jacob Brinkerhoff.	

LOUISIANA.

1. John Slidell.	3. John B. Dawson.
2. Alcee Labranche.	4. P. E. Bossier.

INDIANA.

1. Robert Dale Owen.	6. John W. Davis.
2. Thomas J. Henley.	7. Joseph A. Wright.
3. Thomas Smith.	8. John Pettit.
4. *Caleb B. Smith.*	9. *Samuel C. Sample.*
5. Wm. J. Brown.	10. Andrew Kennedy.

ILLINOIS.

1. Robert Smith.	5. Stephen A. Douglass.
2. John A. McClernand.	6. Joseph P. Hoge.
3. Orlando B. Ficklin.	7. *J. J. Hardin.*
4. John Wentworth.	

ALABAMA.

1. *James Dellet.*	5. George S. Houston.
2. James E. Belser.	6. Reuben Chapman.
3. Dixon H. Lewis.	7. Felix McConnell.
4. William W. Payne.	

MISSISSIPPI.
Not elected.

MISSOURI.

1. James M. Hughes.	4. James B. Bowlin.
2. James H. Relfe.	5. John Jameson.
3. Gustavus B. Bower.	

ARKANSAS.
Edward Cross.

MICHIGAN.

1. Robert McClelland.	3. James B. Hunt.
2. Lucius Lyon.	

TERRITORIAL DELEGATES.

FLORIDA.
David Levy.
WISCONSIN.
Henry Dodge.
IOWA.
Augustus C. Dodge.

MICHIGAN—A CLEAN SWEEP.

Mr. Barry, the democratic candidate for Governor, has a majority over Pitcher, Whig candidate, of 6190, being 600 more than his majority in 1841. The democrats have elected every Senator, nine, by about 1000 majority each. This is one half the Senators, and they hold their office for two years. An U. S. Senator in the place of Mr. Porter, is to be elected in 1844. The Democrats have got a good start for securing one of their party. To the House, there have been elected 40 Democrats to 2 Whigs. The House has 52 members. The three Democratic candidates for Congress are elected, McClellan by 2500 majority.

Mississippi.—The returns from this State are not full—but leave no doubt of the election of one of the Democratic tickets. There were two, one in favor of paying the disputed State bonds, (which are but part of the whole debt) the other opposed. It is the repudiating party which has succeeded, but by a plurality only. No Whig ticket was nominated. The election has taken place by general ticket.

Educational.

Public Schools in New Jersey.—Returns received from one hundred and two, out of one hundred and forty-six townships in the State, make the number of children between the ages of 5 and 16, residing in the districts which have made returns, 71,849, of whom 38,149 have been taught during the past year. The schools have been kept open eight months in the year, on an average. The average price of tuition per quarter for each school was $4 90. The school fund amounts to $295,886. Out of the income, $30,000 was appropriated and disbursed to counties, and the inhabitants in the reported townships have voluntarily contributed two dollars for every dollar received from the State, which limit the people are not permitted to exceed by taxation. The condition of the schools is gradually improving.

Mr. Vattemare's Exchanges.—On Saturday morning the Mayor of New York received a box of books from Paris, being the first of the exchanges between the cities of New York and Paris, negotiated by M. Vattemare. The books are in French, and all pertain to the city of Paris. This matter of exchanging books by municipalities, corporations, and governments will be a great thing if carried out, and good as far as it goes at any rate.

☞ A Historical Society has been organized at Pittsburg, with the Hon. Harmar Denny for its President.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

The Caledonia Steamship has arrived at Boston, bringing dates sixteen days later.

The cotton market had declined on American 1 to ⅛. The steamship Great Western arrived out from New York on the first instant, and the commercial advices carried by her had had a tendency to deaden the cotton market, as the belief was general that the new crop, if not an average one, will be a fair crop, and that with the immense stock of the staple held in Europe, and especially in Liverpool prices cannot rise beyond the point which they have touched during the last few weeks. The probability is, that prices will retrograde. It is this feeling which caused a slackening of the demand for cotton from the manufacturing districts.

Meanwhile the condition of the manufacturing districts, is spoken of in the most encouraging terms. It is said that at no period within the present century has the commerce of Great Britain been in a more wholesome state than at present; manufacturers being fully employed without any surplus of production. An improvement was visible also in the price of government securities.

In the city of London, election of a member of Parliament, Mr. Pattison, the free trade member has been returned, by a majority of 156 over Mr. Baring, the corn law and restriction policy candidate. It is said that any disposition shown by the Americans towards a more liberal exchange of the commodities which the two countries produce in superfluity, would be met in a reciprocal spirit there.

Sir Robert Peel, the Premier, has been making a great speech at Tamworth on practical farming. The speech sounds the approach of great and speedy changes in what is called "protection to agriculture." There is no direct allusion to the Corn Laws.

A special commission has been held in Wales, for the trial of Rebeccaite rioters. The proceedings occupied three days. One of the ringleaders was found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years transportation, the others to smal terms of imprisonment. The punishments have all been mild, with the exception of the principal offender.

The Queen and her husband have paid a visit to Cambridge. Prince Albert was there made, as a matter of course, a Doctor of Civil Laws.

IRELAND AND MR. O'CONNELL.

The court of Queen's Bench opened on Thursday, Nov. 2nd, in Dublin, for the trial of Mr O'Connell's, and the other State cases. The indictments covered the enormous space of thirty-three skins of parchment. On that day Justice Burton charged the Grand Jury that the exhibition of immense bodies of men seemed to him to afford ground for charging it in the indictment as a purpose of intimidation; that the attempt charged to have been made, to excite dissatisfaction in the army, was, if proved a high misdemeanor; and that the contributions of money and the appointment of arbitrators to decide on matters of litigation between the Queen's subjects, are misdemeanors, the latter as throwing contempt on the Queen's Courts. The charge occupied forty-three minutes, was attentively listened to, and is said to have been considered by the repealers as very fair and impartial.

Mr. Bond Hughes, the short-hand writer and reporter, who had attended many of the repeal meetings, and was the chief government witness, had been, it is said, so unmercifully hoaxed by the fun-loving Irish, that his testimony will throw the whole affair into ridicule. Information has been laid and received against Hughes, charging him with perjury.

At the last date from Dublin (the evening of Nov. 3d,) the Grand Jury had not commenced the examination of witnesses, of which there were thirty-five. Among them were, it is said, several members of the Repeal Committee, who had sold themselves to the crown. There was no doubt that true bills would be returned by the jury.

Chief Justice Pennefeather is to preside at the trial. The honorable and learned gentleman, it is stated, intends to enter into a general review of the British policy in Ireland, especially in regard to the Legislative Union, in order to exhibit the causes of the Repeal movement, out of which those State prosecutions have arisen. Mr. O'Connell's address to the jury alone will probably occupy two days. Mr. O'Connell has fully determined to defend himself.

A new Hall, for the purposes of the Repealers, called "Conciliation Hall," had been opened in Dublin. In a recent speech, Mr. O'Connell, on a recent occasion, said, "give me six months of perfect peace, and I'll give you my head on a block, if, at the end of that time, you have not a Parliament in College Green!" He had also issued an address, in which he congratulates his countrymen that in all the monster repeal meetings not a disturbance and not an accident had occurred. He insists on the "absolute" necessity of a local Parliament, sanctioned by her Majesty, and connected in an inviolable bond with her British dominions by the golden and unonerous link of the crown of the revered Sovereign, Queen Victoria. He exhorts to perseverence in "peace, order, loyalty, and allegiance," and concludes as follows:

"People of Ireland! be patient—be persevering. Follow out the experiment in which we are now engaged, to obtain our political objects by peaceable means. It is a noble experiment, that of endeavoring to obtain the restoration of political franchises and rights by the use of means strictly and exclusively peaceable and legal.

"Rally round me in this noble experiment, this glorious struggle. Be not abashed; be not (oh! need I say it!) be not dismayed. Peace, order, tranquillity—these are our arms. With these we are certain of success.

"Persevere, and your country will be a nation again, indissolubly connected with Great Britain, but legislating for herself. Persevere, firmly and peaceably, and the Repeal is certain."

The repeal agitation continues—large sums are paid in weekly—there are great manifestations of interest shown, but no violence. The report has gained ground in Dublin, that Sir Robert Peel contemplates some comprehensive policy in respect to Irish grievances. The Dublin correspondent of the Morning Chronicle asserts that an official gentleman, who has been at work for six months, is engaged in completing, by the next session of Parliament, an elaborate statement of the revenues of the Irish Church Establishment, arranged in a tabular form, embracing each individual parish, and specifying the income of the incumbent, the number of Protestant parishioners, whether or not there is a church in the parish, and other details.

CONTINENTAL.

We find no item of much interest from France by this arrival. One curious fact, considering the habitually disturbed state of Algeria is stated; it is that, 3000 persons with their families, amounting altogether to about 15,000 individuals, have emigrated from France to Algeria since the 1st of January.

There is nothing new from Spain. Evidences of a state of discontent still continue; but in Spain, unhappily this is nothing new. The only novelty is an attack of the women, to the number of 3000 upon the garrison of Barcelona. After pulling the hair of the sentries and picquets, the amazons were scattered by a few vollies fired over their heads. Some fighting had occurred in Grenada—but they appear to have no very serious affairs.

In Greece, one of King Otho's aides-de-camp has been detected in an attempt to seduce the troops from their allegiance to the Constitution. Colectroni, the aid had been obliged to leave the country; and the king was narrowly watched. The chance is that he may have to follow.

The Malta newspapers are beginning to call upon the Italians to revolt, using the most seditious and inflammatory language. There is nothing new of consequence from Italy.

The town of Egersund, in Norway, had been almost entirely destroyed by fire.

A terrible accident had occurred on the railroad from Vienna to Glocknet—twelve persons being killed by a collision.

FROM THE EAST.

The Overland Mail had at last arrived, having been delayed some three weeks beyond the day it was due, by some cause or accident yet unexplained. The news from China had been anticipated. That from India is to the effect that tranquillity prevailed in that country. Dost Mahommed was said to be ruling with a rod of iron in Affghanistan; and reports were current of his having entered into friendly negotiations with Persia.

General News.

A Serious Charge.—A man named Marsh has been taken from New York to Newark, N. J., for trial. He is charged with having set fire to the house of Mr. Gershom Chadwick, in Newark, in the burning of which, it may be remembered, Mrs. Chadwick and her two children perished. Marsh had sold the house to Chadwick; some dispute arose about the payment; it was referred to arbitrators, who decided against Marsh, who is said to have uttered threats leading to the suspicion of his guilt. He was taken to Newark.

Sad Accident.—On Wednesday of last week, as several men were at work on the Erie Railroad, near Piermont, N. Y., a wood car heavily loaded, got loose and running down a descent of several miles, came upon the workmen with such rapidity that all were unable to get off the track in season to escape. Five were run over, and three of them instantly killed; another had both his legs taken off near the thigh, and is probably dead ere this; the fifth is but slightly injured.

Fruits of Intoxication.—The canal boat Fur Trader, at the wharf at Rochester, N. Y., took fire on Tuesday last, and was considerably injured. After this fire the body of a Scotchman, named Howie, recently from Toronto, was found in the cabin burnt to a cinder. He had become intoxicated and was thus unable to make his escape. We see it stated in the Canada papers, that three boatmen recently, drunk, quarrelled, capsized their canoe, and were drowned.

The Reward.—Our readers remember the young forger Saunders, who had nearly escaped from New York. The reward offered for his apprehension has been divided as follows:—$1500 to Angeline Osborn, the colored girl, with whom part of the money was left in charge, by Mr. Ragee. $1500 to Pomeroy, of Boston. $500 to Constable Clapp. $1000 to young Jones, and the balance, $294, to Mrs. Hunter, making in all $4794.

New Mail.—A contract has been made with the Post Office Department, to carry an Express Mail between Washington and New York by means of which letters and papers for the editors of both cities, will be received direct from the agent, without going through the Post Office. This is convenient for the newspapers, and of course for their readers. An editor cannot grow fat without making his readers laugh.

Mail Robberies.—Since the 25th of October, the Western mail to and from Augusta, Geo. has been several times robbed of amounts already ascertained to be $1800 to $2000. Suspicions having settled upon the Postmaster at Camak, E. A. Crandle, and a man by the name of Wm. Butler, who had charge of the mail on the Georgia Railroad, they have been both arrested.

The Quincy Bank Robbers.—The Rands were tried last week. After a consultation of much length, a verdict of guilty was rendered in the case of John Rand, and in the case of Richard Rand the jury could not agree. Richard L. Rand was put on trial for having in his possession moulds for counterfeiting Spanish dollars and American quarters.

Bituminous Coal.—A cargo of Bituminous Coal, from Hollidaysburg, Pa., arrived at Lancaster, last week. Several smiths, who have used it, pronounced it superior to any coal that has heretofore reached that market from the mountain regions. This coal is from the same vast bed which shows itself in the neighborhood of Cumberland, Md.

More Packets.—It is stated that a line of packet ships, to run between New York and Antwerp, is to be immediately started. This line is to be composed of six fine ships, one of which will leave Antwerp, and one New York, every month. We wonder that this has not been thought of before.

Second Edition.—The Erie Canal, which closed at Fultonville, last week, by the cold, has again been opened by the heavy rains, and the Albany papers state that the arrivals on Monday were heavy. Many boats were of course released, which had been frozen up.

☞ The Wheeling (Va.) Times says that a very intelligent French gentleman, who is well versed in the silk business, from the setting of the tree to the weaving of the silk, has arrived at that town, and intends going into the cultivation of silk in that vicinity.

Trouble with Indians.—The Platte (Missouri) Eagle reports that the Sioux Indians have recently been committing depredations in Holt county, and that further difficulties are apprehended with them, and also with the Ottoes.

☞ The number of sheep in England, is estimated at about 32,000,000, the annual value of whose wool is, £7,000,000, about $32,000,000. This, manufactured into cloth, is estimated to be worth at least $100,000,000.

Troublesome Neighbors.—Five bears have been killed in the neighborhood of Sandgate, Vt., within a few weeks. They had grown fat on mutton, and one of them weighed four hundred pounds.

☞ George Taylor, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lies in the Lutheran Church-yard, at Easton, Pa., where it is proposed to erect a monument to his memory.

☞ The inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., contemplate the erection of a steam cotton factory at that place.

☞ Forty buildings have been erected in the Borough of Carlisle, Pa., within the last twelve months.

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Remitters must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1843. The liberal publisher of "Graham" has by great expenditure, made his Magazine "the leading periodical of the country," by the unanimous voice of the disinterested press, and of accomplished critics among all classes of literary men. Money has been showered upon this book like water. The ablest engravers, the best writers, the choicest typography and paper, have, with the utmost liberality, and even prodigality of expenditure, steadily and perseveringly followed, giving it a position and permanency—a hold of public esteem, which nothing can shake. Mr. Graham is now reaping a rich harvest, for his incessant vigilance, and manly, open-handed enterprise. We would rather be the owner of Graham's Magazine, than the most fortunate banker in Europe: for it gives its possessor unlimited scope for the exercise of talent and enterprise, and commanding literary influence, in addition to a princely return annually in a pecuniary way. It may be doubted whether a periodical ever held, even in Europe, so proud a position in point of circulation, respectability, and profit, as Graham's does at this moment. The simple secret of the success of this work—which has been an enigma to many—a thorn in the sides of rivals, and wormwood and gall to dozens of small souls—consists solely in the unswerving determination of the publisher, without regard to expenditure, to make it *the best*. The public has seen the end accomplished, and has rallied to the support of *excellence apparent on the face of the work*—in preference to supporting those who insult their understanding by attempting the shallow artifice of making up in noise what is lacking in merit, and by bolstering up a sinking fame by infamous attacks upon excellence, beyond their ambition, or above their reach.

The December number of this magazine has been upon our table for some days, and it is elegantly embellished with four engravings, "*The Mother's Jewel*," "*Day in the Woods*," "*Moss Roses, beautifully colored*," and the "*Winter Fashions*." The literary matter is from the pens of Willis, Herbert, Patterson, Grattan, Poe, Mesdames Sigourney, Osgood, Embury, Orne, and many others, acknowledged as the best writers. The following notice of this number we clip from the *Ledger*.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for December, is a number of unusual attraction. There are nineteen original contributors to the number, among whom are N. P. Willis, T. C. Grattan, F. J. Grund, W. E. Burton, L. H. Sigourney, E. C. Embury, F. S. Osgood, H. T. Tuckerman, E. A. Poe, S. D. Patterson and others, whose writings are equally admired. The embellishments are also superior, and that of the "Mother's Jewel," engraved by Welch & Walter, is very handsome; "Day in the Woods," a pretty picture; the "Moss Rose," a beautiful colored engraving. As handsome as the present number is, Mr. Graham intends to excel it in the forthcoming January number, and show what degree of excellence can be attained in magazine literature and illustration. It will be the most magnificent periodical ever issued, and worthy the celebrity of the leading magazines.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. *December* 1843. Among the correspondents of Godey, in the present number we find Epes Sargent, Marianne Brown, H. W. Herbert, Mrs. Annan, Rev. N. P. Tillinghast, Seba Smith, Mrs. Lee, George Waterman, Rev. John Pierpont, T. S. Arthur and Miss Leslie. For embellishments we have an illustration to Herbert's story, "Venitia's Requiem," engraved by Dick; a pleasant country scene, by the same engraver, illustrative of country hospitality. This second is a capital picture. A wayworn traveller has stopped at a farm house gate; and the children all hesitating and some afraid, are bringing out the brimming pitcher of milk. The very dog is cautiously scrutinizing the stranger. It is a picture to study. The novelty among the embellishments is a plate of medallion seals, white on a blue ground.

A NEW WORK.—Mr. M. C. Field, of the New Orleans Picayune, recently returned from the Rocky Mountains, is about to write out a history of the jaunt. If he gives us his beforehand, Capt. Munchausen Maryatt, R. N., will take the fragments, dish up a volume and put it forth as original, for the edification of John Bull. Such is the character of a book by Maryatt just published in England, and republished here of course. It purports to be written by the Capt. as the adventures of one Monsieur Violet and is nothing but Kendall's Santa Fe Sketches, bewitched with Capt. Maryatt's own miserable slang woven in.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, and Zieber & Co.*—The sixth part of this work brings it down to the letters Con. It is, with its American additions and emendations the most complete and valuable work of the kind ever issued. The pursuits of the author had previously led him to an intimate acquaintance with many subjects not usually introduced in descriptions of places, but invaluable in a work of this kind. This Gazetteer is in fact a commercial as well as a Geographical Dictionary; and should be in the hands of every practical man.

AN ADDRESS, *delivered before the Washington and Franklin Literary Societies of Lafayette College, Pa.* This is an address delivered by Mr. A. Porter, A. M., at the late commencement. The leading idea of the address is that "the human mind has never been so successfully cultivated, nor produced points so abundant, as where opportunities for improvement have been fewest." In bringing forward instances in support of his opinion, Mr. Porter has produced an able address, which we can readily understand, must have been highly attractive and interesting in the delivery.

THE EDUCATION OF MOTHERS: *or The Condition of Mankind by Women. By L. Aime Martin. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a translation, by Edwin Lea, Esq., of a work to which the prize of the French academy was awarded. The motto is that famous principle of Rousseau's "Men will always be what women would have them." It follows that if you would have men good and great, that women must be educated to understand goodness and greatness. It is a work well worth republishing.

FIRST LESSONS IN FRENCH. THE FRENCH STUDENT'S ASSISTANT. *By Charles Picot. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.*—These two little works from numbers one and two of M. Picot's series of school books. The author has been for twenty-five years a teacher, and a highly successful teacher of French; and these books embody the principles of his method of instructing. They are recommended in the strongest terms to teachers and learners, by persons fully competent to examine and decide.

WORKS OF HANNAH MORE. *Part VI. Zieber & Co. and Perkins & Purves.*—Two more numbers complete this very excellent edition. The writings of Hannah More should be in every family. Placed in the way of the young, they will inculcate good principles, while they foster a taste for reading.

SPEECH OF MR. JOHN DUER. *Philadelphia: 98 Chesnut Street.*—This is the celebrated speech delivered by Hon. John Duer, in the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. Those who are desirous of reading the orator's own report may have it here in a neat form.

THE RAMBLES OF THE EMPEROR CHING TIH, *in Keang Nan. Zieber & Co.*—Here is a book which has freshness, interest, and an unhackneyed and untrodden field to commend it to attention. It will be widely read, and as widely admired.

BOY'S AND GIRL'S MAGAZINE.—The last number of this very neat work has been published. Zieber & Co. are the Philadelphia Agents. The next volume will be slightly changed in form, and the price reduced to one dollar.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. *Zieber & Co.*—This work for December, is here somewhat earlier than its wont. It looks like a very good number, and contains some excellent articles.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON CHEMISTRY. *Campbell & Co.*—This is an edition of Liebig's Letters, uniform with the other works by the same author published by this house.

THE GHOST SEER. *98 Chesnut street.*—This is a translation from the German of Schiller, and looks as if it might be very well done.

ZIEBER & CO. have sent us lots of brochures on all subjects, with all sorts of titles, and of all degrees of merit—good, and indifferent.

☞ The latest numbers of McCulloch, Hannah More, and other serials are received at 98 Chesnut street.

Army & Navy.

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCES.—The Army and Navy Chronicle of Thursday last says:—

On the 10th October, 1843, the sentence of the Marine General Court Martial in the case of 1st Lieut. Thomas T. Sloan, was commuted by order of the President of the United States, and he suspended for six months without pay from the 1st of September, 1843.

On the 20th October, 1843, the sentence of the Marine General Court Martial in the case of Major and Brevet Lieut. Col. William H. Freeman, was commuted by order of the President of the United States, and he suspended from rank and duty for the period of two years without pay and allowances, from the 18th July, 1843, and to be restricted to the State of Massachusetts during that time, in lieu of the sentence of the court before which he was tried.

☞ The U. S. brig of war Somers, J. W. West, commander, arrived at Havana on the 21st ult., with ten of the passengers of the bark Windsor, which vessel, bound from Boston to Havana, was wrecked on the 28th ult., about a mile east of Jaracho. The Captain and crew of the Windsor remained with the wreck, in order, if possible, to save the cargo.

☞ The Alexandria Gazette says:—We understand that an old barque has been purchased in New York, and brought round here, for the purpose of trying another explosive experiment, under the direction of the Navy Department.

☞ The U. S. frigate Cumberland left Boston early on Sunday morning. She is one of the finest of our National vessels, and is destined for the Mediterranean.

☞ The U. S. war sloop, Falmouth, Joshua R. Sands, Esq., commanding, last from Boston, arrived at Havana on the 28th ult.

The Farmer.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

An opinion of a nature highly interesting to our country friends, was given in the Common Pleas on Monday, by Judge King. The merits of the question may be gathered from the following introductory paragraphs of the opinion, which we transcribe:

The question for decision in this case arises under an *ordinance of the Select and Common Councils of the city of Philadelphia*, passed the 28th day of May, 1835, entitled, "A supplement to an Ordinance relating to Markets." The Supplementary Ordinance declares that, "the penalty imposed upon ANY PERSON for selling Beef in the Western moities of the High street Market, West of Delaware Fourth st., shall be Six Dollars."

The defendant having sold beef, on the 16th of September, 1843, in the High street Market, within the prescribed limits, this action was instituted by the City, to recover the penalty attached by the Ordinance, to such offence. The real object of the procedure is, however, to obtain the judgment of the Court on a question that has long vexed the city authorities and the Farmers and Butchers attending the High street Market. The facts necessary to raise the legal principles involved, have been agreed upon by the parties, to be these:

"The Defendant is a farmer residing in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he cultivates a large farm of over three hundred acres of land, nearly the whole of which is in grass, and he is a Renter from the plaintiffs, at an annual rent of twenty dollars, of a farmer's stall in the Western moiety of the High street Market between Delaware Seventh and Eighth streets, in the city of Philadelphia. On the 16th day of September, 1843, he sold beef from his said stall. It is agreed that the bullock in question, the meat of which the defendant then exposed for sale, was not calved on the defendant's farm, but was purchased by him in Chester County, thirteen months ago, in a poor and lean condition, and then totally unfit to be slaughtered for the market; that the defendant did, from the time of his purchase of the said bullock, keep, feed and fatten him on his said farm, and on the produce of his said farm, until the 15th day of September, 1843, when it was slaughtered by the defendant on his said farm, being then in a fat condition; that the defendant then brought the meat in question to the city, and sold it from the said stall as a part of the produce of his said farm."

This case had been determined before an Alderman against the defendant, and it was carried by appeal into the Common Pleas.

The city ordinances must of course succumb to the State Laws, which, within the constitution are paramount. The streets of the city being public highways, the city has no right without legislative authority to obstruct them; and it was in giving the right to build markets that the legislature made conditions in favor of the country people. The first condition was that farmers should have certain portions of the market rent free; and this continued down to 1810. The law of that year gave the city the right to tax farmers a rent for these stalls to sell the produce of their farms, the annual rent not to exceed twenty dollars per annum. This alteration was made to prevent the intrusion of persons of a different question, into the stalls provided for the farmers; and to protect them in their rights.

Early acts prohibited the selling of beef in the farmers stalls. The act of 1810 contains no such restriction: so that his honor was of opinion, so that though the old interdict might have been absolute against a farmer's selling beef even though it were the product of his own farm, there is no such prohibition now in force.

The only question then remaining, was whether the beef in this case was the produce of the farm. His Honor said:

This seems rather a question of lexicography than of law. Its solution depends on the meaning of the word produce. As a penalty is however, sought to be enforced against the defendant, he is entitled to the benefit of the well settled doctrine that as against a party sought to be visited with a penalty, statutes are to be construed strictly; while any thing in them operating to extenuate or excuse him is to receive a liberal version. The produce of a farm may be fairly said to be anything which in the *immediate* and *direct* result of the labor employed and capital invested in it. If animal life is excluded from the produce of a farm, then cannot a farmer bring to market poultry, pigs, lamb, mutton, &c., although to use a vernacular word, they have all been *raised* by him. The exclusion of all such from the catalogue of the products of a farm would be certainly startling to the laity whether farmers or citizens; and if we admit animals into the list of the productions of the farm, it is difficult to see why the animals which the farmer has purchased at an immature age, and which has been perfected in growth through his labor and care, and from the consumption of his grass, his corn-crib and hay-rick, is not equally the product of his farm with that which has first breathed in his ownership. Produce which has its root in the Latin verb *produco* we are told by *Johnson*, means among other things "that which any thing yields or brings; *profit, gain*." *Walker* defines it nearly in the same way. Now if a farmer purchases a calf a few weeks old, and after having nurtured it by his care, and fed and fattened it with his grass and grain until it acquires the weight of one thousand pounds or more; is not this animal part of the profit and gain of his vocation? Had the legislature meant merely vegetable produce, they could and would have said so. But when they use a word of general meaning, applicable to all the results of rural economy, what right have we to limit its universality; and especially, what right have we to do so, when the proposed limitation of its meaning, would involve a citizen in the consequences of a penalty. This, as has been shown, would be against the first principles of statutory construction. In arriving at our final conclusion on this subject, the court have not been unmindful of the abuse that may be attempted to be practised under color of our authority, by persons professing to sell produce of their farms. But because a legitimate right may be simulated by fraudulent pretenders, that forms no reason why it should not be recognized. Courts of justice should be equally astute in ferreting out fraudulent assumptions as in vindicating honest rights. Whether an article offered for sale by a farmer is the actual produce of his farm, is a question of good faith. Wherever a magistrate in a proceeding under this ordinance is satisfied from the evidence, that the pretence that anything offered in the market for sale, by a party claiming the right to vend it there under the act of 1810, as the produce of his farm, is merely colorable and fictitious; no hesitation ought to exist in mulcting the offender in the penalty.

Whether the produce offered, is or is not the actual produce of the farm of the vender, is to be decided in each case according to its own circumstances. In that before us, there is no pretence of bad faith; and the facts admitted by both parties, establish the meat sold by the defendant to have been the produce of his farm, according to our construction of the Act of Assembly giving him the right to vend such produce. On the case as stated there must, in the opinion of the Court, be judgment entered for the defendant.

Local Intelligence.

U. S. BANK REAL ESTATE.—Real estate, late the property of the United States Bank, was sold by Thomas & Sons at the Exchange, on Tuesday evening to the amount of $137,475. Among the property sold was the bank's share of the buildings on Chesnut street adjoining the United States Bank lot, for $35,000; three story house 11th street, $28, ground rent, $3800; house adjoining an incumbrance, $4200; lot in Market, between Schuylkill 2d and 3d, $6000; lot corner of Catharine and Ninth in Moyamensing, $6100; dwelling house and lot in Library street, $10,025; three story 276 Chesnut street, $18,800; do. do. 117 Chesnut, $10,700; do. do. 45 Walnut, $3100; do. do. Tenth near Clinton, $6025; another in same neighborhood, with ground rent, $4000; two story on Coates near the House of Refuge, $3025; farm in Hamilton, N. J., $4400; tract in same town, with basin, kiln, &c., $4750; Seltzer tract, Schuylkill county, $6100; Eagle Hill Coal Tract, Schuylkill, $4225; Valley Furnace Land Schuylkill, $16,000. Some other smaller lots and houses were sold which made up the aggregate stated above.

BOLD HIGHWAYMAN.—As Mr. Alexander, of Cincinnati, was crossing Market Street, at noon, on Thursday, a fellow named Peter Whilden, ran against him in a rude and insolent manner, exclaiming "how are you?" and at the same time seizing his watch. Mr. A. seized the thief—the watch was recovered, the thief was committed, and on Friday indicted by the Grand Jury, tried, convicted and sentenced to seven years in the Penitentiary. The proceedings in this case were 'up to time' throughout. The whole business was done in twenty-four hours.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Two men, giving their names as J. O. B. Watson, and J. H. Britton were arrested in this city on Saturday, charged with being concerned in the extensive Custom House robbery in New Orleans a year ago. They were taken by police officers Young and Russell of this city, and Ridgely of Baltimore; and will be sent to New Orleans, should examination exhibit proof enough against them.

BURGLARS are making themselves troublesomely busy in the city and vicinity; and it becomes our citizens to be exceedingly careful of their door and window fastenings.

ELECTION FOR BANK DIRECTORS.

The following is the result of the election held on Monday, for Directrs of the different Banks of the City and County of Philadelphia, for the ensuing year, with the exception of Southwark.

Mechanics' Bank.

Joseph B. Mitchell,	Charles Leland,
James H. Hart,	Archibald Wright,
William R. Thompson,	William M. Collins,
Richard C. See,	Alexander Symington,
Erasmus D. Wolfe,	George R. Rosengarten,
Lewis Cooper,	Benjamin W. Tingley.
Frederick Leming,	

Western Bank.

Joseph Patterson,	James Twaddell,
John Wright,	Lewis Ryan,
William Camm,	Lewis M. Troutman,
Wm. A. Blanchard,	Morris Patterson,
Wm. A. Everly,	Jos. Yeager,
John Cooper,	Robt. Allen.
John R. Worrell,	

Philadelphia Bank.

Samuel F. Smith,	Robert Patterson,
John Welsh,	Quintin Campbell,
Samuel W. Jones,	Richard D. Wood,
Joseph R. Evans,	Henry C. Corbit,
William Phillips,	J. W. Claghorn,
Joshua Longstreth,	John Duncan.
William Worrell,	

Schuylkill Bank.

John Price Wetherill,	Richard Dempsey,
Robert Burkhart,	Edmund Pryor,
John Fausset,	Christian Brower,
Robert Hare, Jr.	Jacob L. Sharpe,
Charles Stokes,	William Yardley, Jr.
John Gethen,	George Abbott.
Owen Sheridan.	

Kensington Bank.

Jonathan Wainwright,	William Whiteman,
Hugh Smith,	Samuel T. Bodine,
Joseph Baker,	Alexander Peterson,
Charles Kirkbaum,	John E. Keen,
Jacob P. Donaldson,	George Landell,
Charles Edwards,	John M. Brown,
Wm. Williamson, West Chester.	

Bank of Penn Township.

Elijah Dallett,	John Dallett,
Lawrence Shuster,	Joseph S. Medara,
James McClure,	David Woelpper,
James H. Stroup,	William P. Sharpless,
Daniel Deal,	George H. Miller,
Robert M. Huston,	Elihu Pickering.
Gabriel Kuecht,	

Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania.

James Dundas,	Matthew Conrad,
Joseph Jones,	William Wainwright,
William Gill,	Caleb P. Wayne,
Isaac Denton,	William Lynch,
Robert S. Johnson,	George Fales,
Samuel Brooks,	William Musser.
Daniel Haddock, Jr.	

Bank of the Northern Liberties.

Robert L. Pitfield,	William Reynolds,
Isaac W. Norris,	Elhanan W. Keyser,
Joseph T. Mather,	Charles J. Sutter,
Joseph Jeans,	Henry M. Naglee,
Joshua Lippincott,	Robt. R. Kirkpatrick,
Wm. H. Hart,	John C. Dacosta,
Exeter Stone,	James Starr.
Watson Jenks.	

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

Joseph Tagert,	Hugh F. Hollingshead,
Robert Toland,	Seth Craige,
J. Pemberton Hutchinson,	Adolph E. Borie,
William S. Hassell,	John Ashhurst,
Henry White,	Isaac R. Davis,
Paul Farnum,	Andrew B. Chambers.
Francis Tete,	

Moyamensing Bank.

George Follin,	Churchill Houston,
Frederick Stoever,	S. R. Simmons,
Ambrose W. Thompson,	P. A. Keyser,
Gideon G. Westcott,	Frederick Klett,
John McAllister,	John Riehle,
J. S. Woodward,	Joseph Rapia.
Augustine Stevenson.	

Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank of the Northern Liberties.

John Farr,	John Rose,
William Richardson,	Jesse Godley,
John Welsh, Jr.	Edward Roberts,
Thomas Snowden,	Corwin Stoddart,
Nathaniel Randolph,	E. L. Moss,
John Phillips,	David Scull.
Daniel S. Miller,	

Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26th.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Tenth Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut streets. Northwest Sabbath School Room, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow streets.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Clinton Street Church, corner of Tenth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint Philip's Church, Vine below Eighth street. Church of the Epiphany, Schuylkill Eighth and Chesnut street. Bishop White Chapel, Ranstead Place. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth above Catharine street. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden street below Ridge Road. Advent Church, (Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

FRIENDS.—Mulberry Street Meeting House, below Fourth street. Cherry Street Meeting House, below Fifth street.

GERMAN REFORMED.—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Broad streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth street between Market and Chesnut street.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth street below German.

MORMON.—Hall at Third and Willow streets.

MARINERS.—Mariner's Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson street.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

☞ During the late Baptist Foreign Missionary Meeting in this city, a number of those in attendance from New Jersey, held a meeting in the Sansom Street Church, to take measures towards such another movement in their own state; and it was *Resolved*, That a Mass Missionary Meeting be held in February in the First Baptist Church, Plainfield. A Committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

MARYLAND BIBLE SOCIETY.—The tenth annual meeting of the Maryland State Bible Society was held in the Rev. Mr. Duncan's Church, in Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, and was very fully attended. The Rev. G. W. Bethune, of this city, delivered a very eloquent address. The Rev. Mr. Stockton was prevented from attending by indisposition.

THANKSGIVING.—The following States will observe this festival on Thursday, the 30th inst.: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, and Indiana. On the 7th of December, Maine, New Jersey, and Vermont. And on the 14th of December, in New York.

☞ The contributions in aid of the cause of Foreign Missions, received at the Baptist Mass Meeting in this city, amounted to about $1300. One gentleman pledged himself to "give a dollar a day as long as the Lord prospered him."

☞ The Rev. G. S. Webb, late of Brunswick, New Jersey, has received and accepted the call of the Third Baptist Church, in this city, recently under the pastoral care of the Reverend Mr. Covel.

☞ The proceeds of the Charity Sermon preached in Saint Mary's Church, on Sunday week, in aid of the Catholic Orphans' Asylum of Saint Joseph and Saint John, amounted to $326.

☞ The receipts of Presbyterian (old school) Board of Foreign Missions, in October, amounted to $499 70.

COLDS FROM WET FEET.—It should be remembered that Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, and many other fatal disorders, are often the result of catching cold, in consequence of wet feet, damp clothes, night air, &c.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the best preventives in the world against Cold Feet, because they not only cleanse the blood from those impurities which are the cause, but they impart an energy to the circulation which carries it with vigor to every part of the system; consequently the extremities being properly supplied with the vital fluid, receive their due proportion of animal heat; and coldness of the feet, headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, and every other symptom of a disordered circulation, will be driven from the body.

OBSERVE—In order to avoid counterfeits, purchase only of the regularly advertised agents, or at the Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail—Nos. 288 Greenwich st., New York; No. 198 Tremont st., Boston, and No. 169 Race st., Philadelphia.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

850 shares	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	18¼a18¾
600 do.	Girard Bank,	8a8½
240 do.	Reading Railroad,	24
150 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	4¼a5
130 do.	United States Bank,	5¼
50 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	78½
19 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	90
11 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	66½
10 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	22½
5 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	228¼
1 do.	Mechanics Bank,	25¼
$31,000	State 5's,	70a70¼
$3500	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1838,	87
$14,000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	79a80
$4000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	88¾a89¼
$7750	Chesapeake and Del. Canal Loan,	49
$3000	State 6's, 1846, new annual,	75

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Since the last weekly report we have a number of arrivals, both foreign and coastwise. It will be seen by reference to the English news the cotton and flour markets were dull, and prices tending downwards. Bark continues without change. Coffee—Stocks have been increased by late arrivals; the market remains quiet—small sales of Rio are making at 7¼a7½c, a cargo now landing is going into store—sales of Laguayra in lots at 7¼c, 4 mos; 126 bags St. Domingo from store at 5½, 3 mos. Cotton—The market is firm, with more enquiry, and sales have been reported of small parcels of good quality Mobile at 8½a8¾c, 100 Georgia Uplands at 8½, 30 fine New Orleans at 9½, on the usual credit—we have some arrivals coastwise for shipment to Liverpool. Flour and Meal—The flour market is still unsettled—we hear of near 1000 bbls fair brands for export at $4,25—most factors refuse this rate—sales have been made at $4,31¼ to $4,50 for good and extra lots—we note a sale for shipment of 300 bbls baker's flour at the latter rate—sales of half bbls at $4,56 the pair—Brandywine is held at $4,50—we quote the price accordingly within the range of $4,25a4,50 for fair to good. Corn Meal—We have no transactions reported, last sales of Pa $2,37½. Rye Flour—Sales at $3. Fruit without change—a cargo from Malaga, the third of the season, is not yet landed. Fish—As last reported. Grain—Wheat is steady in price, receipts have fallen off—we quote Pa red 93a95c, and very prime at 96c, southern—sales at 90a93c. Rye is wanted; sales of southern at 57c, we quote Pa 60c. Corn is without much inquiry for shipment—we quote southern yellow 48a50 cts, white 44a45c, new, sales at 40c for yellow, Pa we quote with small receipts at 51a53c. Oats in demand, sales of several cargoes at 25a27c for the various qualities. Lead—We hear of no sales. Molasses—A sale of 50 hhds Porto Rico inferior, terms not made known. Provisions are unchanged, we note sales for export of 500 good hams at 6c, 300 kegs lard at 6½, 20 casks cheese 5c. Rice—Sales of 90 casks at about former rates. Salt—3 cargoes Turks Island have been disposed of, price not made public. Seeds—Clover is in request, with light receipts, sales at $5a5½ for good to prime—some parcels are held above these rates. Flaxseed we quote at $1,40. Sugar—Not much doing—we note sales of 74 hhds inferior Porto Rico, price not made known—some lots New Orleans at 6¼a7 cts. Whiskey in hhds has been sold at 23c.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, *No. 35 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, November 25th, 1843.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	30 dis
Girard do.	12 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk. Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	2 dis
Harrisburg,	2 dis
Middleton,	2 dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	2 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	3 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	85 dis
York,	2 dis
Gettysburg,	2 dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	3 dis
" Demand notes,	3 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	4 dis
Berks county bank,	75 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	45 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	8 dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	4a5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	35
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	35 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	35 do
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wash. county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Rocks,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value*.	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	1 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	do
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ¼ pm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	1½a2 dis
City Relief Notes,	1½a2 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	1 dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	20 dis
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1½ dis
Fredericktown,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various prices	
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	4 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	½ dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	½ dis
Valley bk and branch,	½ dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	5
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phœnix bank,	-
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Rucker Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	12 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	62 dis
State bank,	46 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	Trans-
CANADA.	
Montreal,	-

☞ The Virginia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church assembled in Richmond on Wednesday morning—Bishop Morris presiding. A large number of ministers are in attendance.

☞ The receipts of the Baptist Home Mission Society, in October, amounted to $395 56.

☞ The receipts of Saint John's Orphan Asylum, in October, amounted to $148 77.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beef Cattle—The offering comprised 1000 beeves, including 40 head from Ohio, and the balance from this State; 225 cows and calves, 516 swine, and 2420 sheep. Beef cattle continue in fair request, and $25 head, including 200 for the New York market, were taken at $5¼a5½ per 100 lbs, as in quality. Cows and calves were sold at $5a11 for dry cows, $6a18 for springers, and $16 a 28 for milch cows, with some extra at $30 each. Swine continue dull—380 sold at $3¼a4¼ per 100 lbs. Sheep were disposed of at $1¼ a $2¼ each, as in quality.

New York, Nov. 20.—At market 1000 beef cattle, 225 from the south, 31 cows and calves, and 2000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—For good retailing qualities from $4 to 4½a5, with a very few extra at $5¼. Unsold, 300. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of 1800 at $1¼ to 4 for sheep, and $1 to 1½ for lambs.

Brighton, (near Boston,) Nov. 13.—At market 3800 cattle, about 1000 of which were beef, and 1300 stores, 4000 sheep, and 1600 swine. Beef Cattle—A small number extra at $4¼a4½, 1st quality $4a4¼, 2d quality $3¼a3½, 3d quality $3¼a3½. Barreling Cattle—Mess $3,12½, No. 1 $2,62½, No. 2 $2. Swine from 2¼ to 4¼c.

Baltimore, Nov. 17.—The offerings of beef cattle on Monday were nearly 1000, many of which, about 300, were quite inferior, and remained on drovers' hands—the others sold at last week's rates, $3¼a4½ per 100 lbs. A small lot came in since and sold at about the same price, sellers buying freely. Hogs remain at last week's price, $4 for good lots, and over 1000 sold.

Richmond, Nov. 16.—For cattle on the hoof $3 to 4,00 are the general prices. Veals $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1,50 to 2,50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
25 SATURDAY,	7 14	4 46	5 42	
26 SUNDAY,	7 15	4 45	6 33	D. H. M.
27 MONDAY,	7 16	4 44	7 28	
28 TUESDAY,	7 17	4 43	8 3	
29 WEDNESDAY,	7 17	4 43	8 44	Full 7 12 37
30 THURSDAY,	7 18	4 42	9 25	Last 14 2 47
1 FRIDAY,	7 19	4 41	10 5	New 21 12 46
2 SATURDAY,	7 19	4 41	10 46	First 28 3 19

Married,

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, WM. RYAN, to ANGELICA G. daughter of the late Jos. G. Malcolm, Esq. all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. F. F. WOLGAMUTH, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss ELIZABETH HILL, of Spring Garden.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. F. X. Gartland, LEOPOLD M. PROBIS, merchant, of Ala., to AMANDA, youngest daughter of Capt. Geo. Duston, of Phila.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. S. B. Jones, WILLIAM G. NIXON, to SARAH B. eldest daughter of Mr. J. B. Potter, all of Bridgeton, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Souris, Mr. HENRY M. ISNER, to ANNA E. MARLUE, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. at Lititz, by the Rev. P. Wolle, A. W. BOLENIUS, to EMMA C. eldest daughter of Gen. D. Miller, of Lampeter Square, Lancaster county.

On the 24th of August, by the Rev. Mr. Castles, Mr. ROBERT PERRY, Jr. to Miss EVELINA HAMMETT, eldest daughter of George Kaser, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. Covel, Mr. THOMAS RUDOLPH, to Miss EMMA CLYMER, all of Southwark.

On the 13th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, EVERETT H. PLUMMER, to ANN C. PORTER, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Newton, FRANCIS JANVIER, to Miss MARTHA A. MCNEAL, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. JOHN MCDIVITT, to Miss ANN E. DENCKERT, both of Southwark.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. L. Scott, OTIS J. PRESTON, to Miss REBECCA CURRIDEN, both of Port Deposit, Md.

On the 19th inst. by Alderman Thompson, WM. H. ENGLAND, to MARY ANN, daughter of Wm. A. Cloud, all of Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th inst. by John M. Scott, Mayor, JONATHAN KNIGHT, of this city, to MARY ANNE, youngest daughter of John Quicksall, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, EDWARD P. BORDEN, to MARY J. LUTZ, daughter of the late Capt. C. Hopkins, of the U. S. Army.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON, to Miss CHRISTIANA DEIVY, both of Phila. county.

On the 16th inst. at Camden, N. J. by the Rev. J. Lybrand, CHAS. H. RENEKE, of this city, to CECILIA B. HEYL, of Camden.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Joel Parker, JOSEPH B. BARRY, to Miss ELIZABETH R. PELTZ, both of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. C. R. Demme, HENRY C. SCHEIDE, to ALICE C. daughter of Wm. S. Paul, both of this city.

At a Friends' meeting, held at Brookfield, on the 10th inst. JOSEPH CANBY, to MARGARET, daughter of John Parson, of Bensalem township, Bucks county.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Cuyler, EDWARD LAMBERT, to DEBORAH P. daughter of the late Charles Johnes.

At Lynn, on the 15th instant, at the Friends' Meeting House, WM. A. HACKER, to SARAH S. BREED, and at the same time and place, HENRY M. HACKER, to LUCY A. BREED—the parties being, respectively, the sons of Wm. E. Hacker, of Philada., formerly of Salem, and daughters of Nathan Breed, of Lynn, Mass.

At Pottstown, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Flanery, Mr. SAMUEL DEPRAIN, to Miss MARIA CHILD, both of Chester, Pa.

Died,

On the 21st inst. of consumption, SARAH P. RUSSELL, aged 39 years and 16 days.

On the 21st inst. Mr. JOHN W. JONES, in the 44th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. PHŒBE WOOLLEY, wife of John Woolley, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 19th inst. SARAH SCHOFIELD, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. FREDERICA E. OERTELY, wife of Charles Oertely, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. MARGARET ELLEN, daughter of Wm. and Mary McShea, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 20th inst. of scarlet fever, in the 9th year of his age, LEWIS HENRY, eldest son of Capt. John P. Levey.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. HENRIETTA BARRESS, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. of scarlet fever, SAML. K. son of John S. and Jane H. McMullin, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 14th inst. DANL. SEEGFRIED, of Hamburg, Berks county, formerly of Lehigh county, in the 76th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. of congestion of the brain, ISAAC M. ZANE, Esq.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SMITH, aged 83 years, relict of the late William Smith, Jr. merchant of this city.

On the 15th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARY SHRIVER, in the 42d year of her age.

In Roxborough township, Philada. county, on the 16th inst. CATHARINE F. wife of A. C. Salaignac.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. MARGARETTA E. TRIPLER, wife of Jacob Tripler, in the 49th year of her age.

On 14th 11 mo. HANNAH, consort of the late Jos. Burr, aged 89 years.

On the 14th inst. Miss CATHARINE A. MYERS, aged 17 years.

On the 15th inst. MARY ANN, daughter of Joseph and Abigail Shuman, aged 5 years.

At Frankford, on the 15th instant, Mrs. MARY THORN, aged 37 years.

On the 14th inst. REBECCA, daughter of Wm. and Hannah Hoskin, aged 9 years.

On the 16th inst. JUAN GUILL'MORQUER, infant son of Sidney J. and Maria C. Bequer Salm.

On the 16th inst. MARY F. daughter of Abraham and Elizabeth Marshall, aged 23 years.

On the 15th inst. Rev. AUGUSTINE F. PREVOST, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. ANN ROBIN, aged 64 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. ANN VANSANT, in the 65th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. ELEANOR CREMER, daughter of Saml. and Eleanor Boggs, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 19th inst. SUSAN M'GUIRE, in the 48th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. PHILIP WARREN, Sr. in the 73d year of his age.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. HARRIET ROBBINS, in the 45th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. of consumption, in the 39th year of her age, SARAH MOORE.

On the 19th instant, at the U. S. Naval Asylum, BENJ. KILPINGTON, pensioner, in the 69th year of his age.

On the 17th Sept. last, at Concord, N. C., JOHN B. MCMASTER, in the 33d year of his age, formerly of Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa. Uniontown papers will please copy.

On the 19th inst. WM. HENRY, son of John and Elizabeth Rees, in the 2d year of his age.

OBITUARIES.

In Keosauqua, Van Buren county, Iowa, on the 31st ult., OLIVER WELD, in the 31st year of his age. He was a native of Exeter, N. H., and a resident in New England until after he attained his majority, when he emigrated to the West. He had been for several years a member of the Iowa bar; and was in the morning of what promised to be a bright and prosperous career, surrounded by warm friends, and buoyant in hope, when the inscrutable decree of Providence arrested the life which bade fair to be so delightful to himself, so useful to the young commonwealth with whose growth he was growing.

"At a meeting of the citizens of Keosauqua, held on the 1st day of November, 1843, to take into consideration the most appropriate method of expressing our esteem for the character of OLIVER WELD, Esq., deceased, and also our deepfelt sorrow, for the loss sustained by ourselves and the community in his death, GEORGE G. WRIGHT, Esq. was called to the Chair, and JOSIAH H. BONNEY appointed Secretary.

"On motion of S. E. Sargent, Esq., it was voted that a committee of three be appointed to select a suitable person to deliver an address on the 18th day of November, at the Court House in Keosauqua on the occasion of the death of our esteemed friend and fellow citizen Oliver Weld, Esq.—Messrs. J. N. Lewis, J. J. Kinersley and E. M. Jones, Esq. were appointed said committee.

"On motion of J. H. Bonney, it was voted that we erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of the virtues of our deceased friend.

"On motion of R. Humphreys, Esq. it was voted that a committee of three be appointed to collect funds for and report a plan of the proposed monument. Messrs. R. Humphrey's, E. Cutler, Jr., and S. E. Sargent, Esqs., were appointed said committee.

"On motion it was voted that E. Cutler, Jr., G. G. Wright, and H. H. Barber be appointed a committee to communicate with the family and friends of the deceased, and also to forward to them a copy of these proceedings.

"On motion it was voted that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the 'Iowa Democrat.'"

GEORGE G. WRIGHT, Chairman.

JOSIAH H. BONNEY, Secretary.

☞ The subject of the following notice was a native of this city, and the son of James West, Esq. He was well known here, and much beloved. The notice is from the Mobile Herald of the 4th instant.

TRIBUTE OF THE BAR TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JAMES WEST, JR.—The Circuit Court met this morning, and after the organization of the Juries, his Honor, Judge Bragg, was addressed by P. Phillips, Esq. in substance as follows:—

May it please your Honor: In behalf of the members of the Mobile Bar, it becomes my painful duty to bring to the notice of your Honor the recent death of James West, Jr. Esq. The character of the deceased was such, that though but a few years among us, he had rapidly made his way to the confidence and affections of his fellow citizens.

As a man, he was endowed with the highest moral qualities, and these he carried with him into the practice of his profession, the principles of which he was deeply imbued with. The law he regarded as a noble science, and not as a trade to be followed for thrift; he felt the true dignity of its calling, and loved it for its own sake. Such may it please your Honor, was the man whose loss we are now to deplore. Struck down in the palmiest days of life,—so suddenly has he been snatched from our very midst, that the mind can yet fancy him in this hall in the performance of his professional duties. He has departed forever from our courts—his brief and his cause have suddenly fallen into other hands, and now, even now, he is in attendance upon that supreme of courts, in whose shining Hall, he will plead the great cause of his life, and from the great Judge of the quick and the dead, receive his "sole deliverance."

As a testimony of the great respect with which the memory of our departed colleague, is cherished by the members of the Mobile Bar, they request me to move an adjournment of the court, and that the cause of the adjournment be spread upon the minutes.

His Honor granted the motion, and the court adjourned until to-morrow, 10 o'clock.

AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF THE WORLD.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, FOR 1844.

THE JANUARY NUMBER WILL BE ISSUED ON DECEMBER 16TH, 1843.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE has long enjoyed the enviable reputation of being the best periodical in the United States, both in the quality and number of its embellishments, and in the tone of its literary matter. It is the cheapest as well as the best. For the year 1843 the publisher has given about 160 *pages more original reading matter* than any of his cotemporaries, and *more original steel engravings*, in addition to the *fashion plates and colored flowers*. The cheapness and merit of a three-dollar magazine over all others are apparent, which has made an outlay of over

SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS GREATER THAN OTHERS,

and an addition of engravings over other magazines that would embellish the costliest annual. The publisher is, however, satisfied that nothing but *real excellence* can maintain the high position his periodical has attained in the United States, and, as the taste improves and extends for good works, that *nothing of a humbug order will be tolerated*.

The publisher does not hesitate to say, that *he defies all competition with Graham's Magazine for* 1844. His immense subscription list, the merit and number of his contributors, the high order of the engravers engaged, the number and variety of elegant plates already purchased and on hand, and the immense facility which his capital and position give him to prosecute the work, render any efforts at rivalry a matter of ridicule. Every number of the work issued, bears with it the evidence of its triumphant success, and establishes the impossibility of successful competition.

Every number of Graham's Magazine is issued at a cost of nearly $4000—the plates alone cost nearly half the sum. Most of the plates are from

ORIGINAL AMERICAN PAINTINGS,

Executed expressly for the proprietor, for engravings for the Magazine. Among the pictures painted for the volume for 1844, are two by SULLY, the great artist, several by LEUTZE, CHAPMAN, INMAN, CONAROE, ROTHERMEL, THOMPSON, and others of the best artists of America. The cost of getting up embellishments in this style, may be estimated when we state that some of these pictures cost $350 a piece, and will cost us some of them three times that sum to have them engraved and worked off for the edition of "Graham." But no cost shall be spared to keep our proud position "*at the head of the periodicals of the world.*"

AMERICAN AUTHORS CONTRIBUTORS TO "GRAHAM."

James K. Paulding,	Miss Cath. M. Sedgwick,
William Cullen Bryant,	Mrs. Emma C. Embury,
Henry W. Longfellow,	Mrs. Frances S. Osgood,
Thomas Colly Grattan,	Mrs. Elizabeth O. Smith,
Richard H. Dana,	Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
James Fenimore Cooper,	Mrs. A. M. F. Annan,
N. P. Willis,	"F. E. F."
Joseph C. Neal,	Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney,
Chas. Fenno Hoffman,	"Maria Del Occidente,"
Henry William Herbert,	Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett,
James Russell Lowell,	Mrs. E. F. Ellett,
Robert T. Conrad,	Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana,
Frederick W. Thomas,	Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson,
William Gilmore Simms,	Mrs. Amelia B. Welby,
Rev. Walter Colton,	Mrs. "Mary Clavers,"
Henry T. Tuckerman,	Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,
Theodore S. Fay,	Mrs. Jane T. Worthington,
Rufus W. Griswold,	Miss Elizabeth Bogart,
Edgar A. Poe,	Miss Mary L. Lawson,
Albert Pike,	Miss Mary Davenant,
Cornelius Mathews,	Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,
George P. Morris,	H. Hastings Weld,
John H. Mancur,	George Hill,
Epes Sargent,	Reynell Coates, M. D.
Park Benjamin,	J. K. Mitchell, M. D.
Robert Morris,	George Lunt,
Charles J. Peterson,	Alfred B. Street,
George H. Colton,	William E. Burton.

Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many anonymous contributors of distinguished merit furnish articles for nearly every number.

GRAHAM'S ELEGANT EMBELLISHMENTS.

The most splendid engravings of all sorts lend their charm to the pages of Graham's Magazine. Every thing in the way of novelty and beauty that has ever been invented is laid under contribution. Nothing that capital and taste can supply is omitted. First, as the most elegant and appropriate, as well as the most popular embellishment, we place

SARTAIN'S BRILLIANT MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING.

We were the first to introduce this beautiful style of work, as a regular embellishment of the popular monthlies. Its wide spread reputation, through the means of our ample list, called forth a host of imitators, but up to this time nothing has been produced to rival the glorious pictures given in "Graham,"—"The Shepherd's Love," and "The Coquette." These, with a host of others, done for us by Mr. Sartain, stand "unprecedented and alone" at the head of American engraving. We have several of these inimitable plates under way, and shall give one in the January number.

HIGHLY FINISHED STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The series of elegant steel engravings from the burin of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, Jackman, Welch & Walter, and others, which have graced Graham's Magazine, have never been surpassed in the country, and some of them, of which we may designate "The Fountain," "The Captives," and the "Signal," have never been excelled in Europe. The exquisite line, and *line and stipple*, engravings will be followed by a *series now on hand for* 1844, of most magnificent subjects. One or more will appear in January.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES—ETCHINGS ON STEEL.

These engravings will, for the most part, illustrate the popular stories of Joseph C. Neal, author of "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," and will be finished for us in Yeager's inimitable style. Mr. NEAL ranks as the best humorist in America, and has long been known as "American Boz." His humorous talents are howsoever of a higher order than any yet displayed by Dickens, and we feel sure that his articles will be hailed with delight by his countrymen. It is time that the American people awoke to a sense of what is due to men of real genius among themselves, in opposition to the late fawning upon foreign libellers, and we are determined that Graham's Magazine shall lead in this holy undertaking, and by the employment of the highest talent at liberal prices, to foster native talent, and to give encouragement to national literature. These sketches will no doubt be highly popular.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The publisher of "Graham" gives the correct fashions, for both ladies and gentlemen, *in addition* to the usual number of steel and mezzotint engravings, and does not omit a plate, or give the fashions in place of one, when they appear in his book. Let this be remembered. More elegant steel, line and mezzotint engravings appear in Graham's Magazine BY AT LEAST TWELVE, *and the Colored Fashions and Colored Flowers in addition, with Humorous Etchings and Literary Portraits*, WHICH NEVER APPEAR IN ANY OTHER.

BRILLIANTLY COLORED FLOWERS.

More particularly for the use of the ladies, and as an attractive embellishment, we shall continue to give the handsomest specimen of colored flowers of the field and garden, a sort of illustration peculiarly appropriate for the study of persons of taste, and widely sought after by all lovers of the beautiful.

GRAHAMS LITERARY PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Graham's Magazine is the only periodical that has had the enterprise and sagacity to give to the world a full series of highly finished portraits of our distinguished literati. This is a most valuable feature, and, as the list embraces *the face of every literary person of note* in the Union, the series will be worth more than a hundred dollars in any library, or on the centre-table of any lady or gentleman of taste and refinement. The whole will cost the publisher *at least fifteen thousand dollars*, a princely outlay, which we are enabled to make from the liberality of the American people in supporting a *standard national work*.

MUSIC BY THE BEST COMPOSERS.

We have under way some fine original music for the pages of "Graham." This is a desirable matter, particularly to subscribers in the country. This, with the brilliant array of attractions before enumerated, at the price named, will render Graham's Magazine the MOST POPULAR AND THE CHEAPEST PERIODICAL IN AMERICA.

TO POSTMASTERS AND OTHERS.

The high merit of Graham's Magazine considered, the publisher flatters himself that the following liberal terms will induce thousands to subscribe.

To CLUBS, the following proposals are made:—two copies for $5; 5 for $10; 8 for $15; 11 for $20.

To the Postmaster, or other person forming a Club, the Publisher will forward a Novel for every Subscriber sent, so that, by varying the books, a complete library may be obtained by any person in a short time.

SINGLE COPIES, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

And to the person sending the money, a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," Herbert's Prize Novel, or any of the series of American Novels, and also a copy of "THE GEMS OF ART AND BEAUTY," a beautiful work for a lady's centre-table, containing *thirteen* splendid Steel and Mezzotint Engravings, will be forwarded gratis.

Editors copying will be entitled to an exchange for one year. Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, NO. 98 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Books will be bound at this establishment in any manner that may be desired, from the plainest to the most elegant style, viz:

Rich Velvet, Satin or Silk Binding, with Gold, Silver, or Plated Bands, Ornaments and Clasps, and Silver or Gilt Edges.	Calf, Turkey Morocco, and Morocco, Plain or Extra, Sheep, Roan, and Cloth, either full or half Binding.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding or re-Binding the Books of Public or Private Libraries. Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents, and every other variety of Job Work.

Books sent directed to D. W. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. july 16-tf

LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT ST. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.

nov 18-1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 18, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 11th to the 18th of November.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Cachexia,	0	1	Brought over,	39	26
Cancer,	3	0	Gangrene,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	Hemorrhage from Bowels,	0	1
Croup,	0	5	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	1
Cholera Morbus,	1	0	—Bronchi,	1	3
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	3	—Lungs,	4	4
Convulsions,	0	5	—Bowels,	1	0
Dropsy,	4	2	—Throat,	0	1
—Abdominal,	0	0	—Liver,	1	0
—Head,	0	3	—Peritoneum,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
—Heart,	2	0	Influenza,	1	0
—Skin,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Drowned,	3	0	Malformation,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	3
Debility,	1	2	Old Age,	2	0
Erysipelas,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Scirrhus of Stomach,	1	0
Emphysema,	1	0	Still Born,	0	10
Fracture,	1	0	Scald,	0	1
Fever, Remittent,	0	1	Tetanus,	0	1
—Scarlet,	0	4	Unknown,	1	1
—Typhoid,	3	0			
Carried over,	39	26	Total, 111—	58	53

Of the above there were 4 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 12,	38	44	42
13,	32	38	38
14,	34	36	38
15,	33	40	45
16,	45	47	40
17,	40	50	33
18,	36	44	44

GREAT PICTORIAL DOUBLE MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER ANNUAL FOR 1844.

The most Elegant and Costly Work of the kind ever issued. *PRICE ONLY 12½ Cts.—TEN COPIES FOR $1.*

THE DOUBLE PICTORIAL BROTHER JONATHAN for the ENSUING HOLIDAYS, will be the Largest and most magnificent Specimen of Newspaper Printing ever presented to the world. Among the costly attractions of this great American Newspaper, will be given an excellent Novel by the most popular American writer of fiction, of this age. It will be complete in two of the immense pages, and is entitled as follows:

THE GIPSY'S RIDE.—AN EASTERN TALE. BY N. P. WILLIS.

Besides the above complete Novel, the ample pages of this stupendous sheet will abound in TALES—SKETCHES—NOUVELETTES—POETRY, humorous, pathetic and sentimental—SONGS—ANECDOTES—Several pieces of popular MUSIC, arranged for the Piano Forte, &c.; in fact, every description of Newspaper reading, "*from grave to gay—from lively to severe*;" and altogether, it will present the most novel, picturesque, elegant, and entertaining sheet ever offered to the public.

THE ENGRAVINGS.

The publishers had intended to have employed American Artists to execute the whole of the Engravings for this great work, and therefore commenced contracting for them so early as April last, but the immense amount of labor to be performed, absolutely compelled them to engage the services of both English and French Artists. About EIGHTY of the largest of the Engravings, have therefore been executed in Europe, and the remainder, by artists of this city and Philadelphia. Some of the finest of the European Engravings are by VIZATELLY, of London. The whole mammoth sheet will be illustrated with

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS

Got up at an expense of about *FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS*. Some of them are larger and handsomer than have before appeared in any newspaper. The paper will be of the finest description—each sheet being twenty-three square feet in size. It has been contracted for at the Passaic Mills, Patterson, N. J., at twenty-five dollars per ream.

As the "Brother Jonathan" was the first to introduce the cheap system of Double Mammoth Sheets with Pictorial Embellishments, so will it continue to lead in all that is novel and desirable in works of this class. The publishers will present the one now about to be issued, as a *CHALLENGE TO THE WHOLE WORLD* to produce a more beautiful, imposing, and stupendous sheet.

The price of this Double Mammoth Pictorial Brother Jonathan, will be only 12½ cents a copy—or ten copies for $1. Every subscriber to our novels will be furnished with a copy without giving us notice.

Those who wish to be sure of procuring a copy of this great work, should send in their orders immediately, as thousands were disappointed last year who sent too late to be supplied—the immense edition of 35,000 copies having been bought up by nine o'clock on the morning of the day of publication.

Of this Great Mammoth Sheet for 1844, fifty thousand copies will be printed; but as it will positively surpass any former publication of the kind, in its costly and magnificent illustrations, in its rare literary contents, and in beauty of mechanical execution, the demand must necessarily be greater; and those who wish to be certain to secure copies, should be prompt in sending their money.

Any person in the country wishing a single copy, or two or three copies, may have the silver change enclosed in a letter, by applying to the Postmaster, who is always authorized to forward money for newspapers and periodicals *Free of Postage*.

Letters enclosing remittances, must be post paid in full, or franked by the postmaster, according to law. All orders should specify distinctly the town, county, and state, where the work is to be forwarded, and should be addressed either to our Philadelphia agents, or to

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers, 162 Nassau Street, New York.

*** The Double Brother Jonathan is, of course, a newspaper, and therefore subject to newspaper postage only, viz: 1½ cents over 100 miles out of the State; and for a less distance, or any where within the State of New York, one cent. We expect to be able to mail it to subscribers by the middle of December, in order to reach all parts of the United States in season for the HOLIDAYS.

For sale wholesale and retail, by the Philadelphia Agents, G. B. Zieber & Co., No. 3 Ledger Buildings, Third Street, below Chesnut. nov 25—3t

ELOCUTION, AND STAMMERING.

DR. COMSTOCK'S VOCAL GYMNASIUM, Fourth street above Chesnut, (entrance by Ranstead Place) is open from the first of September till the last of June,—July and August being vacation months. All who desire instruction, either for the cure of Stammering or Defective Articulation, or for improvement in Elocution, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D. No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION, with special reference to Gesture, to the Treatment of Stammering and Defective Articulation, by Andrew Comstock, M. D., Philadelphia, No. 100 Mulberry street.

A Table of the Elements of the English Language, to which are prefixed Exercises in Pitch and Force, designed for the use of Schools, and for teachers of Elocution, by the same author. nov 25-3t*

A. BOLMAR'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WEST CHESTER.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SITUATED AT West Chester, Pa., within about four hours ride from Philada., by the Columbia railroad, was built, improved and furnished some years ago, expressly for a Boarding School, at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand dollars. The situation is very healthy, and the accommodations most comfortable. A farm being a part of the establishment, furnishes for the pupils the most wholesome and desirable food. The Principal, the Teachers and the Pupils eat at the same table, and partake of the same fare.

In this School the pupils receive thorough instruction in all the English branches which constitute a good American education. The ancient and the modern languages, as well as the higher branches of Mathematics, are there taught by competent teachers of tried abilities, who all live at the school, and who devote their whole time to the improvement of their pupils.

The Course of Studies are such, that a pupil, at the choice of his friends, can receive, in a few years, such an education as will fit him for admission either into any college, into West Point or the Navy, or enable him to become a civil engineer.

Book-Keeping is taught in English, French and Spanish, and a pupil, directing his attention to a mercantile life, will receive such instruction as will, on his leaving school, enable him at once to make himself very useful in a counting house, and thereby secure for himself immediate advancement.

To those who have no knowledge of the school here announced, the Principal would observe, that it is not a new school, but one which was carried on successfully for several years in Philadelphia, from which place he removed it to West Chester, nearly 12 years ago, persuaded then that the country had many advantages over a large city to bring up boys of which he has become long since thoroughly convinced by his experience in both places.

The Principal of this school will be pleased to refer persons, desirous of placing boys under his care, not only to distinguished gentlemen who have known him for many years as an instructor of youth, but to the parents who have had, and to those who now have boys at his school, and also to many of his old scholars, who being now grown up men, and filling high offices in different parts of the Union. He will also refer those who wish to give a classical education to their sons, to the Faculties of several colleges, into which many of his pupils have been admitted, (several in advanced classes) in which they distinguished themselves, thereby proving his school to be one at which boys can receive an English and a Classical education, and AT THE SAME TIME acquire such a knowledge of the French and the Spanish as will be of infinite value to them in whatever profession or business they may afterwards devote themselves to.

N. B.—There being in West Chester churches of nearly every denomination of christians, the pupils on Sundays are taken by the Principal and the Teachers to whichever of them parents may have directed, there to attend service and to receive such instruction as is peculiar to the sect to which each pupil may belong. Besides that, religious instruction is given at the school, but without any allusion whatever to the peculiarities of any one sect. The morals and good manners of the pupils are also scrupulously attended to at all times.

The duties of the above School will be resumed on the 1st of November.

For Terms and any information respecting the School, Letters, post paid, must be directed to the Principal, as above. nov 4-eow1y

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, AND IRRITATION OF THE THROAT.—Dr. Rose's COUGH LOZENGES. Put up and sold at WM. BIDDLE'S Drug and Chemical store, N. W. corner of 11th and Arch streets, Philadelphia. These Lozenges are prepared from the recipe of Dr. Rose, who for a number of years past has paid particular attention to Diseases of the Chest. They are mild and innocent in their nature, and can be given to persons of all ages with perfect safety—will be found very serviceable in Irritation of the Throat, Tightness of the Breast, and Difficulty of Breathing. They are also very efficient as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.

DOSE.—One Lozenge may be taken every hour or two through the day, when the cough is troublesome, for *adults*—*for children*, one-fourth to one-half a Lozenge, in proportion to their age. nov 11-4t

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House. OVID F. JOHNSON, ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. Jr. has removed his Office, as *New Jersey* Commissioner from No. 65 Walnut st. to the above. d 16-1y

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. OF GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE NEW-YORK. OF ROBINSON & JONES, MAIN STREET above FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI. OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

CURES AT HOME, EFFECTED BY THAT FAMOUS MEDICINE WORSDELL'S PILLS.

The most convincing evidence of the healing qualities of a medicine, are the benefits realized by the afflicted in its use and short as has been the period since the introduction, of WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS into the country, a great many striking cures have been affected by their use.

The above Pills are acknowledged to be *the best medicine in the world for the cure of all Diseases*, by removing all stagnant humors—the principle cause of all diseases—opening obstructed passages, causing free circulation of the fluids, and purifying the blood.

The following cures are selected from a number effected in this city and neighborhood, by Worsdell's Pills:—

CURE OF INFLUENZA, NERVOUS FEVER, &c. —*To Mr. Fisher, Cutler, Passyunk Road, Philada.*—Dear Sir,—The benefits resulting from the use of Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills induces me to give my testimony to their healing qualities, and as I have found them to be the real remedies from disease to health, it is with great pleasure I give you the facts, as under, that the similarly afflicted may have the benefit of the same remedy. Being in a disordered state by that prevailing and distressing complaint, the INFLUENZA, desirous of relief, and having confidence in Worsdell's Pills, I procured a box of you, and have much pleasure in stating that by taking them a few days, I was quite restored to the enjoyment of good health. The use of the Pills has been of great service to my wife. She had been a considerable time unwell, but resorted to the Pills to great advantage—the first dose brought off a large worm. My brother also is a convincing witness to their beneficial results. He had a very severe attack of Nervous Fever; but by the daily use of the Pills, was completely restored to health. Believing that Worsdell's Pills only require to be known to be fully appreciated, and wishing you much pleasure in their sale, I am yours, truly, JAMES RIGLEY, No. 299 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

August 29, 1843.

COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS OCCASIONED BY A FALL.—JOSEPH LONGSTRETH, the subject of the following severe case of sickness, is a farmer near Fox Chase, Montgomery county, Pa. A fall from a cherry tree inflicted an injury in one side, which continued, but not seriously, for ten months, when another fall or jerk affected his side so severely that a week afterward he was taken to his bed, and distressing pain in his side and head, accompanied with fever and entire loss of appetite. When he commenced using Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills, he was so extremely ill that his friends believed that he would not have survived the shock, had it not been for the cleansing and renovating properties of the Pills. The clearest evidence of the above opinion was given during the using of the Pills, as large quantities of dark matter, similar to congealed blood, were brought off by stool, no doubt from the side that was injured. After three weeks of severe suffering and confinement to his bed, he is happy in giving his public statement to the virtues of the Pills, that by their use he is so far restored to the enjoyment of health, that he is now capable of attending to his business.

Witness to the above cure, SARAH LONGSTRETH, his Mother.

August 25, 1843.

☞ *For particulars read the Pamphlet, to be obtained gratis of the Agents.*

☞ WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS are prepared and sold, wholesale and for exportation, by WILLIAM WORSDELL, near Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, and may be obtained of the wholesale agents, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., No. 3 Ledger Building, THIRD Street, Philadelphia, at the same price as of the proprietor, and are sold retail by the following appointed agents in

PHILADELPHIA.

W. Sheldon, No. 365 North SECOND ST.
J. M. Fisher, No. 15 PASSYUNK ROAD.
Robert Paine, Book Store, No. 180 North SECOND ST.
R. Pennington, 155 MARKET ST. cor. of FOURTH ST.
Richard & Osbourne, Grocers, cor MARKET and 13th.
G. W. Brown, Grocer corner of LOCUST and NINTH.
R. Abrams, corner of SHIPPEN and BROAD STS.
J. W. Smith, Hat Store, SOUTH ST. above SECOND.
T. Q. Barcroft, Grocer, No. 107 OLD YORK ROAD.
Isaac Brooks, corner of ELEVENTH and VINE ST.
Wallace & Walker, corner of COATES and FRONT.
T. Bradley, Grocer, corner of DOCK and FRONT STS.
M. Woodruff, Grocer, cor. of RACE and FRONT ST.
Dunlap & Reed, corner of QUEEN and FRONT ST.
L. Hasberger, corner of POPLAR and FIFTH ST.
W. Trout, Grocer, corner of PARISH and SIXTH ST.
G. W. Snell, Grocer, POPLAR ST. above TENTH ST.
Wm. Guyer, cor. SPRING GARDEN ST. and RIDGE ROAD.
J. Farrell, Temperance House, 306 RACE ST.
H. Pierson, News Depot, 369 South SECOND ST.

KENSINGTON.

T. Bork, corner of FRANKLIN and SECOND ST.
J. Urwiler, cor. of THOMPSON and FOURTH ST.
A. Moffat, Grocery Store, BEACH ST.
John Marlow, corner of QUEEN and WOOD ST.
J. Mullin, corner of MASTER and N. SECOND STS.
E. T. Tyson, cor. 6th St. and GERMANTOWN ROAD.
R. Lamberton, cor. of Schuylkill SEVENTH and MARKET STS.
J. Reily, Grocer, CALLOWHILL and BROAD ST.

FAIRMOUNT.

C. Hoag, cor. WILLIAM and CALLOWHILL STS.
MANAYUNK.—H. K. R. Ogle's Grocery Store.
FRANKFORD.—W. D. Shield's Store, and L. Emery's Store.

Price, Twenty-five Cents per box, containing fifty Pills.

☞ None are genuine except the following signatures are attached to each box:—W. WORSDELL, Proprietor, J. WORSDELL, Sen. and GEO. PEARSON, Managers.

AGENTS WANTED

In every city and town throughout the United States, to whom a liberal discount will be allowed FOR CASH.

☞ Applications by letter will be refused if not post paid. aug 19-eow1y

SAND'S SARSAPARILLA.—THIS UNRIVALLED preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures of diseases that are recorded in the annals of history, thus proving conclusively that it is capable of fulfilling the high aim and purpose for which it is designed. Patients suffering for years from various chronic constitutional disorders, after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in travelling and doctoring, and suffering all that human nature is capable of enduring, have by the use of a few bottles entirely recovered their health.

REMARKABLE CURE OF HIP DISEASE.

New York, July 26th, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gents: My daughter, aged six years, was attacked with the hip disease when two years old, and since then she has been growing gradually worse until recently, and her sufferings, at intervals, was most painful to behold, and baffles all description. The head of the hip bone was thrown entirely out of place, after which matter or pus formed in the socket of the joint, and for many months in succession she was entirely deprived of all natural rest. She was reduced to a mere skeleton, and very often exclaimed—Oh, mother! I wish it may please the "good Man" above to take me to himself." It was my fervent prayer her sufferings might be terminated, and my anxious fears removed.

The Almighty has promised to be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not leave us nor forsake us, if we put our trust and confidence in Him; and truly I can say it has been verified in the present case. Through his blessings and your instrumentality, my child liveth, is restored to perfect health, and is a living monument of the efficacy of your health-restoring Sarsaparilla. We had tried all the remedies within our reach, and had become worn out, had it blistered and pumped, without effect. She commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last, and in less than a week there was an evident improvement—a discharge came on from the hip joint, and in a few days it commenced healing, and in less than two weeks was entirely closed. During the time of using the Sarsaparilla she passed large quantities of worms, which aided materially in hastening the cure. She rapidly improved in health and strength, her appetite increased, and she is now entirely restored, and solely so by the use of your Sarsaparilla.

With the grateful feelings of a mother's heart and father's joy, we subscribe ourselves your friends,

WILLIAM S. BAILEY,
SARAH BAILEY,
No. 596 Fourth street.

We the subscribers, being neighbors to William and Sarah Bailey, know the above statement in relation to their child and the cure performed by Sand's Sarsaparilla, to be strictly true.

WILLIAM POWERS,
JOHN MYERS.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SAND'S & Co. Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers st., New York.

Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. THOMPSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets; by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 South Third street, and FREDERICK BROWN, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, authorized agents for the proprietors.

Sold in Baltimore by Dr. J. A. Reed, corner of Gay and Saratoga street.

" " Richmond, Va., by A. Duval & Co.
" " Norfolk, by Santos & Co.
" " Charleston, S. C., by Haviland, Harrall & Allen.
" " Augusta, Geo., by Haviland, Risley & Co.
" " Mobile, by Moorly & Co.
" " Cincinnati, by G. F. Thomas & Co.
" " Cleveland, by H. J. Gaylord & Co.
" " Utica, N. Y., by J. E. Warner.
" " Albany, by A. Guthrie.
" " Boston, by Smith & Fowler, 138 Washington st.
" " New Bedford, by W. P. S. Caldwell.
" " Providence, R. I., by C. Dyer.
" " Petersburg, Va., by Anderson & Co.
" " Alexandria, D. C., by Wm. Stabler & Co.
" " Washington, D. C., by R. Farnham.

And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1,00 per bottle—six bottles for $5. [aug 26-eow3m

☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is SAND'S SARSAPARILLA that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!

DEAFNESS CURED—SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, etc. etc. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character, must be read with pleasure:

New York, Nov. 16, 1842.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine, but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle, I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former existence seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subject to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in print, but as the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it. Your obliged friend,

L. M. CHELMSFORD, 334 Washington st.

Mr. B. Bagon Gumpert, Phila.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One or two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of B. Bell on the wrapper.

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Sacred Poetry.

FROM THE WEST.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

BY REV. H. T. W. CHANDLER

Tune—"Lo! he comes!"

In the dark hour, when the tempest of night
Hung on Galilee's mountains in gloom,
Lo! the Saviour, in robes of the storm, came to light
Amid the huge billows and wide waving foam.
The disciples, as toiling to row the frail barque,
Which tossed and beaten, yet fearless, dared the storm
Gave utterance to the inward voice of the heart,
Which, trembling, thus spoke in the tones of the soul:
"It is some lonely wanderer in wild despair,
Who comes to plunge his cold form in the wave;
Let us, then, pass on, and let him perish alone,
Lest we, too, be ingulfed in the troubled air,
Or, midst the angry waters of the sea,
They may a shelter form the disturbed
Do you it matter dear, a mortal sight,
Thus, amid the darkness of night, to behold
And through the thickening of that fearful night,
They heard his voice—"It I, be not afraid."
"It I be he." Oh, what joy to the soul
Our doubting souls, who on the deep, shall meet!
And Jesus answer—"Come," and on the sea
He walks, and calmly treads the opposing wind
But when he saw the mighty waves, we gliding on
His cause to turn from God he, sinking, cries,
"Lord, save me, or I perish!" Gold Christ gives
His hand and lifts up the poor wanderer's cries,
As thus, we pray, in the dark hour of doubt,
Built to thy God for help and mercy vain,
Will he, the Saviour, stretch out his hand
And from his course, guide's sweet home from

FROM THE WEST.

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

BY H. F. WILLIS

Thy mother who thus smiled to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
Thy life, in the mirror of that fair smile,
The shadow of my heart shall always pass,
A heart that frets in struggle with the world,
Cold, cold, and hard, and bitter, and sad,
And revelers of the sinking and a hinge,
Asks for its child. Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only while the child
That stems within its breast a blessed for heaven,
Where taken a blessed from this heaven of love,
And bear the blight for ever.

I have wept
With jealousy at the gift of such fair child!
My life is bound up in her! But, oh God!
Thou knowest how dearly my heart is fixed
Upon its sweet home, and how it shall bear great
To behold it withdrawn from my sight!
To be alone in spirit, and
I do, do love, I pray thee! Give it light
Though future years, I pray, it take from me
Not by the chosen thou wrong, and by the light
Of thy sweet smile, shines to my soul, and
And that, in place, oh God, when come to heaven!

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF HENRI QUATRE, OR, THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

"Hear, take thine own,
Man hard to please,
Then haply might'st offend
Though one speak ill
Of thee, canst will
Say better; there's an end."
JONSON'S VOLPONE.

CHAPTER IX.

The account rendered by Grace, added to Leisler's perplexity. It was certain his enemies, Coronghjaghtonon, Slaughter, and Chief Colonel Lester, who being a man of intemperate habits, was more likely to be biased by the persuasion of himself, than to reflect on, and make allowance for, the critical position of his predecessor. Still, some reflection, that Leisler, however deprived his habitual was in him, Leisler had to look, are he quitted the fort, for protection for himself, family and goods, against the outrages of a mutinous crew leagued against their fellow man.

In the morning, Ingoldsby (with his men) presented himself at the gates, and made formal demand, in name of Governor Slaughter, that the fort should be delivered up. Leisler refused immediate surrender; he had received no notification of his successor's arrival, although aware of few strange ships in the bay, but having an intention to act contrary to King William's wishes and desires of being relieved—he should send Ensign Stoll, to accompany Captain Ingoldsby to Governor Slaughter's quarters.

"Then you refuse to surrender the fort?" cried the captain.

"I do not refuse," replied Leisler, "which Ensign Stoll will make manifest to his excellency."

Darting an angry look at the commandant, Ingoldsby quitted the guard-room (where the conference had taken place) and commanding his troops to occupy the ground before the gates, accompanied Lieut Stoll to the Wooden-Horse.

In the common-room (where the Sisters were wont to dine their customers) sat his excellency, Colonel Henry Slaughter, to whom King William, of revered and blessed memory, confided the destinies of a large and flourishing colony. His excellency was at breakfast, late breakfasting—for as yet, owing to the jollity of the previous night, he had no stomach, and was enticing appetite by sundry epoculla of liquor. Red foot iron which caused the wound, was, we believe, a classic remedy for the hart; the drops of the goblet, whose mighty current—the over night—had drowned the senses, will in the morning, restore prostrated functions. This is a nostrum, which we imagine the military chieftain learned in his campaigns. He was a large, overgrown, bulky man, of forty or upwards, with red, bloated face—an eye which twinkled in the evening with joviality, and looked sad and repentant in the morning.

Stoll started on seeing his Excellency; he was an old acquaintance, and brought to memory the Leisler visit.

"Ah! Mynher Jost—Jost" cried Slaughter, "I see you remember me; we met at Kensington."

Stoll recollected the meeting well; moreover, certain questions which Colonel Slaughter put, respecting the colony—though he had no idea, then, that his Excellency had any other motive to behave in a gentlemanly manner.

"Ah! many a pistoon have I seen fired—many a league have I marched for my glorious Master since that day," exclaimed the governor, assuming an air of the military, "but, by Jove! I'm in force! I would shake off your scruples," but Jove favors is, Ingoldsby! Is your company in the fort?"

"He refuses to surrender!" replied the captain.

"Refuses!" cried Slaughter, starting up, "why this is sheer rebellion! What means he?"

"It pleases your excellency," said Ensign Stoll, "Mr. Leisler does not refuse to surrender the fort! He is aware his authority passed away soon as you landed—but there are certain affairs which require adjustment, and demand your excellency's honorable consideration, ere he can pass beyond the gates with safety to himself and family. It is, at the least, very premature of Captain Ingoldsby to say that my commander acts your excellency's authority at naught, when one purpose of my present visit is to verify your arrival, of which we had no notification before the summons."

"No notification! Mr. Jost—Jost—what is your name?"

"Ensign Jost Stoll, of the New York Militia, and aide-de-camp to the late governor," said the young man, supplying two years lapse of memory.

"Well, sir," continued Slaughter, "this affectation of ignorance is a mere pretence. Did not I see the smoke of his guns on our arrival? I tell thee I knew thy master to be a wicked malignant, and I have now creditable proof of it. What adjustment does the man mean? Did I not come here to administer justice? Impiddly!" added he turning to the captain, "return! summon this Leisler once more, and let me have his reply—and take the aide-de-camp with you."

The energy would have made another effort to awaken sympathy, but seeing that Slaughter dropped into his chair, and was carving vociferously—talking had recovered appetite, he judged it better to depart, knowing, from experience, how dangerous it is to meddle some animals at meal-time.

The ensign found his superior closeted with the council, and made report of what passed.

"Is there no means," exclaimed Leisler, "of bringing this hot-headed man to reason, or making an impression on his college sense, who calls this his second summons, and will—if I take not care—swear my life away?"

Peter De Lancy, chief of Leisler's council, proposed that himself and Mr. Milborne should return, with or without Ingoldsby (now at the fort-gates with his troop) and make the best terms for future protection, which lay in their power. The necessity of such charter of immunity was impressive—and if the governor could be made to listen, would doubtless be convinced—for as Leisler, in equipping troops, and in other public measures for the welfare of the province, was forced to commit many acts which the law defined treasonable—in the absence of a royal commission—his relations commons would on fail overwhelming him with civil suits—and the governor's council of appeal being composed of the very men who sought his ruin—he might be thirsten remediless in gaol, and his family beggared.

"If he will not listen to terms," said the commandant, taking leave of his two envoys, "remember all in my name, if any harm may pay the penalty. And bid Captain Ingoldsby from the gates by wait until you have seen his master."

Soon as they were gone, Leisler called Winfield aside. He did not know, he said, how the affair would terminate. In return for confiding property at Albany, belonging to Livingston and others—then in open rebellion against his authority, hindering fulfilment of the Innocents—he claimed planter's assistance, if possible, against his death; and with such a governor as King William had sent his faithful colony, the event was not at all impossible. Having just received friendly service from Monsieur Abeele, he therefore prayed Lovel to escort his wife and daughters, for safety, on board Bristol Boy.

"And will you not go yourself?" demanded Winfield.

"Pish-fie!" exclaimed Leisler, haughtily. "Sight would, indeed, give color to accusation. But Elgar and my children I fain would see beyond their clutches. They were not, as you know, scrupulous on a forcery occasion."

Lovel demurred to quit his friend at such a crisis.

"You can do me no service, Winfield," replied the commandant, "which I shall value higher than what I have proposed. Master Robert will stand out of harbor, soon as you are on board. His cargo is all landed, and your uncle may be the inner there, by, but the case is imminent. Ingoldsby holds the parade-gate, but the other is not blockaded, and my barge is in waiting at the meadow. In a by part of Connecticut, or Massachusetts, they will be safe. Farewell!"

Tears sprung to Wilfred's eyes, as he took leave, and Leisler turned to his wife, to hide his own. Shortly afterward, De Lancy returned to the fort, much distressed. He informed the commandant, that Ingoldsby persisted in reporting a second refusal—though unaccompanied with the governor's written, but immediately ordered himself and Mr. Milborne under arrest. Milborne was committed to the Stadhouse, but he succeeded in overawing the rough soldier by informing him, that he was the nephew of the Mayor of New York, and it were better, he avoided bringing into collision, the civil and military authorities.

"Then let Ingoldsby enter," said Leisler, "and do you, sir, as the last service you will ever undertake in the capacity of member of my council, convey the letter I am about to write, to Governor Slaughter."

Three weeks elapsed, after Wilfred's departure, and among more important changes, the gaolantry was restored to the public, under management of Deborah and her sister. As of yore, it continued a favorite with the militia, now much crest-fallen, both on account of the downfall of their leader, and inasmuch as they were shut out from garrison duty. Slaughter had sufficient wisdom to muster them, and committed the safety of himself and strongheld, solely to custody of the regular forces.

It was, one evening, in April, the weather cold and chilly, that the common-room was occupied by several twain-band officers (among whom were Captain Ledowick and Ensign Stoll) and the usual sprinkling of sea-captains and strangers, that tavern-haunters, as might be expected, took a political turn—there was, indeed, strange matters to comment on. Arrest of Leisler and Milborne on charge of treason and rebellion—trial of the prisoners, which was to take place the morrow—the restoration to office of Bayard's party, and its powerful influence with the governor, the personal manners, dissolute, debauched and intemperate conduct of Slaughter—all topics of momentous interest to the colony.

In the first stage of recovered power, the vengeance of Livingston and Bayard was felt by all who took office under Leisler. Warrants were issued against members of the New York Corporation, including the newly-elected Mayor, Peter De Lancy, the aldermen and subordinate officers. But this measure was judged too sweeping, and it was neighborhood to many individuals of high character and peaceful habits. By a change of policy, all except the late commandant, and his son-in-law, were allowed freedom on bail; and it was intimated, in under reservation, that further proceedings should be stayed against inferior offenders. To this indemnity, Ensign Stoll, among others, owed liberty.

As far as Deborah's guesses dare express opinions, (we have mentioned general that King William had not flattered the colony in his choice of governor; but that cold and averse, as he had proved, to the merit of Jacob Leisler, the monarch could scarcely sanction the severity now practised against the man, who in the hour of danger and uncertainty, was first to proclaim the glorious revolution.

It was an old custom, to lock the city-gates at nine o'clock, every night, and depend the keys at the fort. The task fell to the lot of the aldermen by turn. After the imprisonment of Leisler, the next step was a fresh election of the municipality, care being taken that the mem- bers chosen, were favorable to Livingston's party. One old acquaintance, Balthazar De Haert, suffering under imputation of piracy, became alderman, and in his new capacity, proved a zealous officer. It being his turn during the week, to close the gates—which duty, was added the more irksome one, of patrolling the streets at certain hours of the night—Deborah, or her sister entered the guest's parlor at ten minutes before nine o'clock each evening, to warn such customers as slept out beyond, or beyond city limits, that they would do well to depart, for De Heer Balthazar was regular and exacting—in the habit of providing strangers he encountered abroad after nine o'clock, with lodging, and breakfast than more. When convivality waxed warm, her customers would oft prefer the expense of a night's accommodation at the Ordinary, to break up early. The rigor of the surly alderman was not, therefore, without benefit to one class, the tavern-keepers of New York.

On the evening we refer to, all took departure at the hostess' signal, save Stoll and Ledowick.

"The coast is now clear, Mistress Grace," said Stoll soon as they were alone, "and our friend will be warmer here than above."

The hint was understood, Grace quitted the room, and a few minutes after, a young man entered in the garb ordinarily worn by masters of vessels. Both officers rose, and with cordial salutation, made room before the fire.

"And what news to-day?" asked the stranger.

"I saw our friends this afternoon," replied Stoll, "De Lancy, who is skilled in law, has prepared their defence—and the commission will certainly open to-morrow. Both are in good spirits, and bade me convey their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Lovel."

"I can never long abide being mewed up here," observed Wilfred, for it was he, "nor can I be of service. What if the warrant were put in force? I have sailed under passports."

Both Stoll and Ledowick advised their friend keeping secluded, or returning to Connecticut. Not that they feared he was really amenable to law, more than Stoll and twenty others, against whom warrants had been issued, but in his case, Livingston feared the agency of English commissions might be used in favor of Leisler, and was therefore anxious to secure his person for a few weeks, or months, to prevent him making exertions either in the colony, or at home.

He could not but admit the force of these arguments, yet demurred to the conclusion. Inactive he would not remain. He had seen his friend's life imperiled—had found honorable shelter at New Haven—to remove the dreadful state of uncertainty of Leisler's fate, had come to New York, whence he had transmitted to Connecticut, authentic report of the late governor's position, which, though fearful enough, was more preferable to be borne, than ignorance. This duty performed, he felt that he had no alternative, but either to take passage for England, and memorialize King William, to render justice to a presented subject, or render more active service in his friend's cause in New York, even at risk of the governor's warrant.

"Choice is no longer in my power!" exclaimed Balthazar De Haert, who had been listening at the casement, and who now, with the agility of a practised boarder, leapt through the window, commanding his followers to blockade the house.

The militia officers drew swords in their friend's defence, urging instant retreat, whilst they kept the old pirate at bay; but Wilfred declared he should remain—he would not bring his friends into certain trouble.

"*Mein Gott!* don't you?" cried Balthazar, "he will not take De Heeren's advice! Thy proud days are gone by, *Mein heeren!* It is now the turn of other folk. But I will not think of the past!"

"My friends, Mynher, may be much obliged for your consideration," exclaimed Wilfred, "but it is my particular wish to recal the past—and you are one whom I have long prayed to meet with."

He proceeded to remind Balthazar, that he was the leader of the crew who lore Stynte Leisler, her mother and sister from home. He had no objection to accompany him before the mayor, or the governor, but in the first place would have instant satisfaction for the insult and injury to defenceless females—or he had better draw, and decide the quarrel on the spot, as the present might prove the only opportunity. Capt. Ledowick and Ensign Stoll, would doubtless see fair play on one side, and he might call in his friends, who were waiting.

"*Ei mein gott!*" cried Balthazar, "I am an alder man! I am sworn to preserve the peace, and I keep the streets clear of riot and robbery!"

"You refuse, then!" exclaimed Wilfred.

"Ah! next week must do, or I shall lose the office," replied De Haert.

Wilfred, who had promised himself, to call Balthazar to a severe reckoning, for Styntie's sake, caused Ledowick's heavy walking-cane, and administered it so lustily on the back and shoulders of the gesticulating alderman, that he was brought quickly to the floor, severely bruised. His watch rushed in, followed by the two officers and servants of the tavern. Enthusiastically declared for instant vengeance—he would bring the jailor, Ingoldsby, and put out his eye! If he treated him thus bad, he would get the mayor, savage, and his aspen nose, of Boston, fall on Lovel.

Wilfred, undismayed, made no opposition, and, with full of the fort, followed by Ledowick and Stoll. After short delay, the officer on duty, at the guard-house, who carried Balthazar's petition for audience, returned with a favorable reply, and the party (including Wilfred) first, followed to speak in his favor, if necessary, was admitted to an interview.

Colonel Slaughter was a bachelor—his domestic establishment not large, but he delighted in hospitality. He had had some guests, the morning, gentlemen, officers of the garrison, and two lady-guests, attached to the garrison also, as Stoll surmised, for he did not recognize their faces as residents of New York.

"Ah! Stoll, you are welcome!" said Slaughter, with voice thickened, and unsteady. It is strange, thought the ensign, what a lively animal some be remains of our intimacy."

"By all that's pretty! continued Slaughter, glancing from Stoll to Wilfred—there is another friend—what a climate this is to produce old faces! I shall see, my dear grandmother, next!"

"I wish his excellency would deign to see us," said Ledowick, "we have a matter of moment to lay before him."

"Hah! my little Dutchman, how are you?" cried Slaughter, turning to Balthazar. The governor's eyelid drooped a little, as though he were becoming drowsy.

"I have been beaten to the ground, in discharging the duties of my new office, may it please your excellency," said Balthazar De Haert, with instinct he could not conceal.

"Yes, I see!" said the governor, trying to look at him steadily. "I see, your coat is covered with sand—and—is it not, Ingoldsby? but you are like a cork, you are soon up again!"

This remark caused a laugh to fly round the table, like a *feu-de-joie*, the latter vexatious and vexation of Balthazar. Captain Ingoldsby, who retained his senses, thought fit to interpose, and smoothing the old pirate with his official appellation of alderman, begged him to state to the governor his grievance. Balthazar proceeded to narrate his arrest of Wilfred Lovel, against whom there was his excellency's warrant afloat. A gentleman ought to be protected in the execution of his duties, as Ingoldsby remarked to Slaughter, and if was a hard case to be beaten so cruelly in making an arrest.

"What a difference among men!" exclaimed the Governor, trying to steady his speech—as well as his sight. "here are, my two old acquaintances—and one—Lovel—comes so readily, without invitation," (a hiccup!) "and the other beats a man—because he offers to introduce him to me!"

There was another laugh, in which the ladies joined heartily.

Wilfred seeing how matters went, thought it best policy to accommodate himself, as far as possible, to the Governor's humor. He declared to his Excellency, that vexation, as might be expected, took a political turn—there was, indeed, strange matters to comment on. Arrest of Leisler and Milbourne on charge of treason and rebellion—trial of the prisoners, which was to take place the morrow—the restoration to office of Bayard's party, and its powerful influence with the governor, the personal manners, dissolute, debauched and intemperate conduct of Slaughter—all topics of momentous interest to the colony.

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A Mother's Love.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR A MANIAC.

Near the easterly base of the West Rock, opposite the place where the recent monument may be seen, a small rustic cottage environed by a few stunted trees, and secluded from the world by its nearness from all neighbors. Few evidences of fertility are found in that region. Sterile hill sides and plains where vegetation can find but feeble hold, perverts that rock, and the obscure wayfarer there, wonders how the inmates of such a home can find enough by which to sustain nature. But the wants are few and simple, when contrasted to those we are absolutely required to supply the animal economy, and amidst the desolate heath, and under the shade of the sterile mountain, may be found the means of moderate sustenance and support.

The reader will find in the humble abode to which we have just alluded, but two occupants. In the stillness of that secluded spot, strange forms are seldom seen to wander, although during the summer many visitors to West Rock pass by. But during the long dreary incilement months save the two we have mentioned, are to be found in this isolated abode. And who are they? We commend the reader to go and see. A mother, with her maniac son, and he chained to the floor! None other are there. This mother has had a prepossessing look. Her costume and address are better than the mass of her sex, in such an unfavorable station, for the development of character and refinement. She was one lonely," she said, even during the dreariness of winter. She had her son for society. She had him to watch over and care for, and now he was chained to was secure. He couldn't get away from her. He had been chained for eight years. Formerly he acted as a guide to the "Cave," but his insanity increased, and he often wandered, and days would often elapse before he returned. He was subjected to fits, but he was now secure in his chains, and she had his food entirely at her comfort her! This is the undying nature of woman's love, of a mother's affection for her children!

Such was the cheerful response of a self-denying parent, when replying to the inquiries of a stranger whom she accosted at the door. We inquired for the son, and asked permission to see him. In a small dark apartment to which access was had through the little "square" room, we found the chained owner. He lay upon a low bed, with a dim light admitted through an opening in the wall. He was occupied in knitting, and thus kept in repose, seldom having any violent paroxysms of insanity so soothing are the disturbed mind in employment. Rarely have we seen a face which bore such evidences of character and beauty. None of the usual squalidness of extreme poverty in his dwelling. None of the demoniac and insulted hair of ordinary maniacs! His fine Grecian face and well moulded features pallid from confinement: His dark eye flashing out unnatural fire. His rich beard and black hair drooping in ringlets over his wild and supernatural face. These were prominent characteristics of the son whom the mother loves, and there he lives in his darkened apartment, *chained to the floor.*—*New Haven Courier.*

The Eternal City.

FROM THE GERM.

A MORNING AT ROME.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Coming out one morning in the month of January last, from the cafe *Bon Gout*, in the Piazza Spagna, which is frequented by all strangers at Rome who are fond of a good breakfast, I stood by the door, reflecting what should be my employment for the day. The atmosphere was delicious; the air warm and balmy, and the pleasant sunshine full of that life and health-giving principle which it seems never here to possess in so great a degree as in Italy.

On the broad marble steps leading up to the church of the *Trinita d'monti*, on the Pincian Hill, a party of Neapolitan gipsies, or brigands as they are termed, dressed in their peculiar costume, with brown cloaks of a coarse stuff, and high steeple-crowned hats, fantastically decorated with ribands and feathers, were basking idly in the sun. Some of them were asleep, others were eating their morning breakfast. I had observed them lying about in the same place every day that I had been at Rome. How they subsisted, having no visible means of support, was a problem I could never solve, nor, indeed, could I find any one able to solve it for me. Sometimes, on passing close by the group, one of the boys, without moving from his reclined position, would address me with the supplication universal in Italy, *Carita! per l'amor di Dio*, which, perhaps, in few of the party would look up at me with an expression of careless indifference.

Before me, standing beside the fountain which ever enlivens the Piazza with its musical murmurs, stood a crazy-looking old carriage, somewhat in the form of a Roman chariot; this was a public vehicle; a hackney coach; attached to it were two sorry-looking horses, with their heads hanging on a level with their knees, apparently ruminating over the fallen greatness which surrounded them. On the box sat Antonio the coachman,—whose acquaintance I had previously made,—fast asleep the reins and whip had fallen from his hands.

Having determined in what manner to spend the morning, I went up to Antonio, aroused him from his slumber, and, bargaining with him "by the hour" directed him to drive to the Coliseum by way of the *Foro Romano*. We passed slowly through the desolate *Via Sacra*, with the ruins of colossal temples on either side,—by the Arch of Titus, still in a tolerable state of preservation,—by the Palatine Hill, once covered with the palace of the Cæsars, but of which only the mouldering foundation walls remain; and lastly, by the noble Arch of Constantine, still covered with fine bas reliefs, being one of the best preserved and most interesting of the ruins of antiquity.

Following the grass-grown road, Antonio drove close up to the principal entrance to the Coliseum, where a guide was ready to conduct me through that wonderous labyrinth of crumbling walls and stupendous arches.

The undisturbed silence and solitude in which that vast edifice reposes, with stupendous masses of mouldering ruins on one side, and the level Campania, overgrown like a churchyard with rank grass and weeds, stretching far away on the other, adds greatly to the feeling of melancholy experienced on beholding it. But to feel the vastness and solitude of the Coliseum, I should attend it at night, one must visit it at night. The effect is greatly heightened by moonlight, when one half of the ruin reposes in softened radiance, and the other rests in full deep shadow.

Forth at the silent midnight here,
By round moonlit arcade, and tower,
I walk to feel their soothing power

The Coliseum vast and lone
Invites me; on some fabric stone
I set and let the world go by
Through rifted walls the moonlight streams
Against dark shadows, and there seems
An echo from the land of dreams.

Dim spectres there come curiously out—
I know not rightly if they be
Great shadows of Eternity!

Or beings of the mind's dark wave—
Wakes to nursing they may have,
Though being not except thoughts of the grave.

But for a moment there remain,
Then on the river of my brain
There glides a sweet celestial train.

Of spotless angels, clothed in white,
On outspread pinions, golden bright,
With glittering plumage all bedight.

Down floating as enchanted stream,
Like one who dreams he's in a dream,
I start, as on a sudden gleam.

All shadows from before me flee,
And with clear eye entranced I see
The scene of Eternity!

But to return to the more sober realities of prose: it were impossible for me convey to the reader's mind an idea of the soothing influences produced by this immense relic contemplated alone and by moonlight, when the silence of night is unbroken by the least discordant sound. At such an hour one wanders under its stupendous arches as in a dream; the things of the day are for the time forgotten, and only the shadows of the past are present.

At the dedication of the Coliseum by Titus, the games lasted one hundred days, during which several thousand gladiators and more than five thousand wild beasts were killed. The arena is oval in form and surrounded by a strong wall, erected to prevent the infuriated animals from rushing on the spectators. A long, dark, walled passage, through which the gladiators and beasts entered the arena, is preserved unbroken to the present day. Independent of the platform called podium, on which were seats for the emperor and his family, and the vestal virgins, there were one hundred and seven thousand seats for spectators, each one separated from others, and numbered. Several of the largest palaces of modern Rome were built of materials taken from the Coliseum; but the like desecration of this and other ancient edifices has long since been prohibited. In the middle of the last century, fourteen chapels, with the mysteries of the passion of our Saviour, were built in the arena, and in these the ceremony of the cross *were* takes place every Friday. Many of the early Christian martyrs suffered in the arena, where they were sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts.

After lingering an hour in the Coliseum, I directed Antonio to drive to the Protestant cemetery—the most beautiful, and, to the stranger, the most melancholy spot in the vicinity of Rome. The cemetery is divided by a broad public road, which winds along the base of a gentle declivity; that part of it which is on the left, is enclosed on three sides by a deep moat; on the other side is the lofty pyramid of Caius Cestius. When Antonio had found the keeper, he came and opened the gate of a little grass-grown path, which led us into a spot of the most romantic beauty; it was the 20th of January, yet the grasses and the spaces between them, were so thickly covered with violets and daisies, it was impossible to make a step without crushing some of them. There was the little simple headstone at the grave of Keats with this inscription, which he requested might alone mark his tomb:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

On a small marble headstone, near the pyramid, I read the following inscription:

"William, son of Percy Bysshe Shelly and Mary Wollstonecraft."

Shelly never outlived the grief occasioned by the death of that beloved child. The following beautiful fragment on the melancholy event was published after his death:

"My lost William, thou in whom
_____ lay the_____ hopes of_____
That dwelling rose content
Which its home_____ family bid,
Here in_____ ashes_____ dust
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art safe—a living divine
Like thee, who_____ 6,000 years
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

"Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feels
Where_____ thy_____ brother dwells
The love of living loves and works
Among those tombs and relics wild;
Where_____ the_____ of the_____
Of the_____ Rome's_____ and_____
Into their_____ and_____ many_____
A_____ perfect_____

Perhaps no great man's character was ever so generally misunderstood as Shelley's. "Of all men," says Leigh Hunt, who knew him well, "he was the most misconstrued, in its main principle, of any man living. Religion, in more than one sense of the word, he had all religion—all for a sense of duty and of divinity, only he would have enlarged the sphere of the dutiful. So far from supposing that this world's treatment was without a mind," he was much inclined, with the pious Bishop Berkley, to suppose it all mind."

The Protestant cemetery is devoted to the burial of strangers who die at Rome; and no place in the world urges upon the mind such melancholy reflection, such silent and profitable admonitions of the vanity of human life, and human ambition. On that beautiful plain, on the side of that verdant hill, a host of young and ardent aspirants for fame "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death;" poets, painters, and sculptors, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown," there repose, who were cut off in the morning of existence, ere the prize for which they were toiling was within their grasp. Many who in life mourned over broken affections, whose hearts were living sepulchres, there sleep, unwrecked by dreams, beneath a green coverlet, pranked with wild violets and daisies.

"Go thou to Rome—if once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks, like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copes drove
The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a place fit for the dead.

"Here, where the monuments are scattered free,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

Satisfied with my morning's ramble, and not desiring witness those feelings disturbed by new scenes, I bade Antonio return to the Piazza Spagna.

HOW THE DIAMOND CUTS GLASS.—Dr. Wollaston ascertained that the parts of glass to which the diamond is applied are forced asunder, as by a wedge, to a most minute distance, without being removed, so that a superficial and continuous crack is made from one end of the intended cut to the other. After this, any small force applied to one extremity is sufficient to extend the crack through the whole substance, and across the glass; for, since the strain at each instant in the progress of the crack is confined nearly to a mathematical point at the bottom of the fissure, the effect increases in carrying it through is proportionally small. Dr. Wollaston found, by trial, that the cut caused by the mere passage of the diamond need not penetrate no more than the hundredth part of an inch. He found, also, that other metals, lead, recently cast into the same form, are also capable of cutting glass; but they cannot long retain that power from want of the requisite hardness.

Choice Selections.

FROM THE GEM.

SLEEP.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

Rest for the weary—freshness, strength and rest!
O Sleep! thy balm is to the troubled breast
As blue on the deep, when the storm is past,
The arrows from the heart about to break,
And with thy healthy step and quiet eye,
Around the mortal in a strong embrace
They force in noiseless as the foot of love,
Doth like the spirit of an angel move
Upon the brow of mid-day hand is laid.
And light and peace are where were care and shade
The traveller wears thee to his turf-formed pillow.
The anchory nestles and the tossing billow
Lulls may not be without thee, gentle Sleep,
But with thee—and the ocean, on the deep—
Still to the soul—to heart—to home jet mountain.
Nature comes quiet and thy mystic plains

RESPECT TO OLD AGE.

A TRUE STORY.

A young gentleman, fresh from college, who had more knowledge of books than of men, was wending his way to the Rue de C——, of Ct. The place was extensively known and respected for his energy of character, learning, and piety, and moral worth. But like the great apostle, he did not disdain to "labor with his own hands."

With a letter of introduction to the aged divine, whom he had known only by reputation, our genteel young friend was seeking the privilege of an acquaintance with him.

"Old daddy!" said he to an aged laborer in the field by the way-side, whose dapper hat and coarse looking over-coat—it was a lowering day—and dark complexion and features contrasted strongly with his own broadcloth and kid gloves and fair person:—"Old daddy, tell me where the Rev. Dr. Lyman lives?" "In the house you see yonder," the old man honestly replied.

Without condescending to thank him for the information, the young man rode on, and soon found himself seated in the parlor of Dr. C's hospitable residence, at the invitation of the lady of the house, awaiting the expected arrival of the doctor.

In due time the host appeared, having returned from the field, laid aside his wet garments, and adjusted his person. But to the surprise and confusion of the young guest, whom should he meet in the Rev. Dr. but the same old daddy he had so unceremoniously cautioned by way?

"It was very respectful in you," said the venerable divine, with an arch look, and in a pleasant tone—for the aged parson was not wanting in wit and humor—"it was very respectful in you to call me old daddy. I always love to see respect shown to old age." But the kindness and assiduity of the family could not relieve the unpleasantness of his situation; a sense of the mortifying blunder which he had committed, marred all his anticipated pleasure from the interview, and he was glad to take his leave as soon as he could do it with decency.

GOOD FOR NOTHING AFTER DINNER.—When the congreve rockets were introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to King Don Juan VI, the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court assembled in the balconies of the palace at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praingrande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who despatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps*, and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.

SLEEP.—Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees, according to M Cabinis, a French physiologist. "The muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those that support the head; and those last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back, and he illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking." He conceives that the sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and, lastly, that of touch. He maintains, also, that the vicera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

Errors of Evidence.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

William Shaw was an upholsterer at Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweler, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house, but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbor; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged and the daughter, terrified, ran off that house, passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words barbarity, cruelty, and death were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court, so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase, William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and his single partition only divided his apartment from that of John Morrison, a watchmaker. This man had distinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the expression of the elders words, she having pronounced them loud and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of the lodgers under him, and came with these, entering Morrison's room and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, "Cruel father, they have murdered me!" Shocked with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions began to entertain against the father; these were now confirmed. A constable was procured, an entrance forced: Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was alive, but speechless, but no question, but she was to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her hand, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room, all eyes are on him. He sees his neighbors and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but at the sight of his daughter he turnes pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and upon the depositions of all the parties committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in defence he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intermarriage with young Lawson, he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson, and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered; he owned William Morrison had deposed; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of his daughter's expressions of barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, murdered me," and the cause of my death," together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the shirt. Under these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and was hanged in chains at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guilty? No, not one. Even in withstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartment, was running some repairs in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on opening contained the following: "Father, I forgive you, as I hope for pardon, having put it out of my power ever to pun my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to my miserable life, as it is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge; when you shall consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the handwriting was recognized and proved to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk: and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a